

# The Sketch

No. 1027.—Vol. LXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1912.

SIXPENCE.

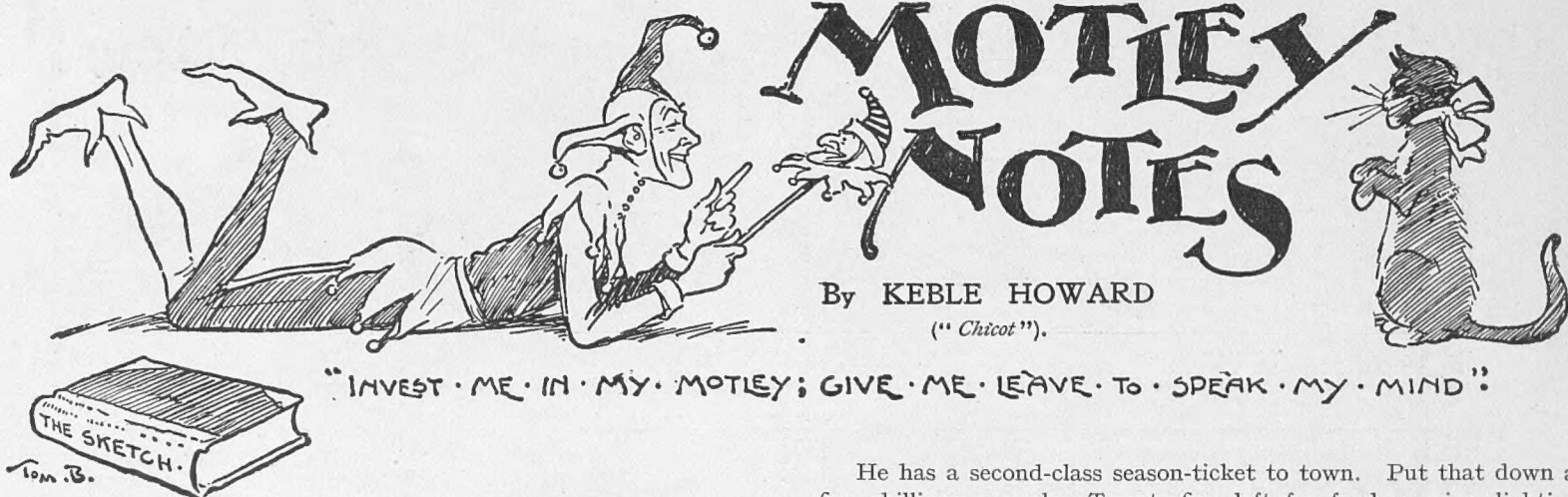


THE GIRL IN THE TAXI HERSELF: MISS CECILY STUCKEY AS ROSE, AT THE LYRIC.

Rose is the girl in the taxi who gives the title to the new musical comedy at the Lyric. Baron Dauvray, asked how it came about that Rose and himself found themselves together in the taxi, explained that they both got into the cab at the same moment, one through one door, one through the other. "My cab, I believe," he said. "Mine, I think," was the answer. "Ours, I hope," settled the question.

*Photograph by Ellis and Walery.*





### The Riches of Poverty.

A wonderful story appears in one of my daily papers of an old couple who brought up eleven children on twelve shillings a week. I congratulate the old couple most heartily. They have every right to be proud of their success, and I hope they will live long to enjoy the prosperity of their children and their own old-age pensions.

Now I want to see that same daily paper—or any other—tell the far more wonderful story of a couple who have brought up a large family on *sixty* shillings a week. It is infinitely more difficult, in this country, to keep out of the Bankruptcy Court on sixty shillings a week than to keep out of the workhouse on twelve shillings a week.

I do not say this for the sake of a cheap effect. That is not my line of country. I am prepared to show you, if you do not know it already, how a couple can bring up a family of eleven in considerable comfort on twelve shillings a week. In the first place, they pay two shillings to three shillings a week for their cottage. That leaves, say, nine shillings. The father of the family buys himself a pair of corduroys and a pair of thick, nailed boots once in two years. If we put Father's expenditure on clothes at threepence a week, we shall be allowing a generous margin. The rest of the family, including Mother, are clothed for nothing in the soiled but sound garments of their rich and sympathetic neighbours.

### Look on this Picture—

So far, we have spent three-and-threepence out of the twelve shillings. We have eight-and-ninepence to spend on food, lighting, and firing. Being a country cottager, Father has a garden and knows how to use it. Vegetables cost him nothing. Bread, unless his wife makes it herself, will cost him, say, sixpence a day. We have five-and-three left for tea, sugar, bacon, flour, and meat. Not a large sum, of course, and leaving nothing for firing and lighting.

Hold on a minute. In every country parish in this country, I think, there are certain doles and charities for the benefit of the man with eleven children and twelve shillings a week. There are Blanket Funds, Coal Funds, Soup Kitchens, and Clothing Funds. I know, because I have so often seen the coal-tickets, and the red flannel petticoats, and the new blankets handed out. You hear nothing of these charities when the wonderful stories are being told. They would spoil the story.

Another point. The children of our friend with twelve shillings a week go to work and earn money as soon as they are allowed to leave the council school—where, by the way, they have been educated for nothing. John brings home two shillings, Nellie brings three-and-six, and so on until you come to Richard, who earns almost a man's wage. And the girls go into service at fourteen and are off the parents' hands.

There is one picture.

### —And on This.

Here is another. The man with sixty shillings a week and a family of, say, seven—he cannot afford eleven, not belonging to a medical club, which would be considered a scandal—pays, at the least, ten shillings a week for his villa. That leaves fifty. He cannot wear corduroys and thick boots with nails; he would lose his job with extraordinary ease if he did. His wife and children cannot wear the cast-off clothes of their neighbours. Clothes are a tremendous item for the sixty-shilling-a-week man. I should put them down, roughly, at twenty shillings. That leaves thirty.

By KEBLE HOWARD  
(“ Chicot ”).

“ INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY ; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ”

He has a second-class season-ticket to town. Put that down at five shillings a week. Twenty-five left for food, service, lighting, rates, doctor's bills, and the education of his children. Remember, he is contributing to the support of the twelve-shilling-a-week man. Here, if you like, is a life of heroism, of constant struggle, of a smiling face to conceal an aching heart, and all the rest of the phrases that have changed hands so often and yet ring as true to-day as when they left the Literary Mint.

I want to see a daily paper champion that man and hold him up to admiration. Is there no imagination left in this country of mechanical entertainments?

### An Over-Advertised Cause.

The leaders of the “ Women's Movement ” in this country have made one great mistake. They have over-advertised. That is the real trouble with the Feminist Cause, or whatever they call it.

Over-advertising is a very common ailment. Lots of businesses suffer from it as well as individuals. It is quite possible to hear so much about a thing that you get sick of it. And it is quite possible to hear so much about an actor or an author that the public get sick of the sound of his name. There should be dignity in advertising, just as much as in the greatest affairs of life.

Watch a huge steamer leaving the docks and heading for the open sea. She moves slowly and noiselessly, yet you cannot take your eyes off her. You are fascinated by her dignity, by the importance of the work she has set herself to do, by her quiet confidence. If she had a loud band on board, and set her syren going, and put sailors at the mastheads with huge flags, you would turn away in disgust.

It is just the same in advertising. Advertisement is essential to success, but it must be dignified. Cheap advertisement is worse than useless. It is destructive.

The Feminist Cause to-day is suffering from cheap and noisy advertisement. Unless the leaders of a cause respect themselves, nobody will respect them or their cause.

### A Record Blush.

“ When ‘ Rab ’ appeared on the stage of the Haymarket Theatre last night he was greeted with a cheer of unusual warmth; and when ‘ Teenie ’ appeared the cheering was so loud and continuous that it brought a hot blush of pleasure to her cheeks.”

I had sent my telegram of good wishes to Mr. George Tawde, my old friend of the Glasgow Repertory Theatre, before I read of this startling achievement on the part of his bride. Almost, but not quite, I sent another telegram to congratulate him on the incident.

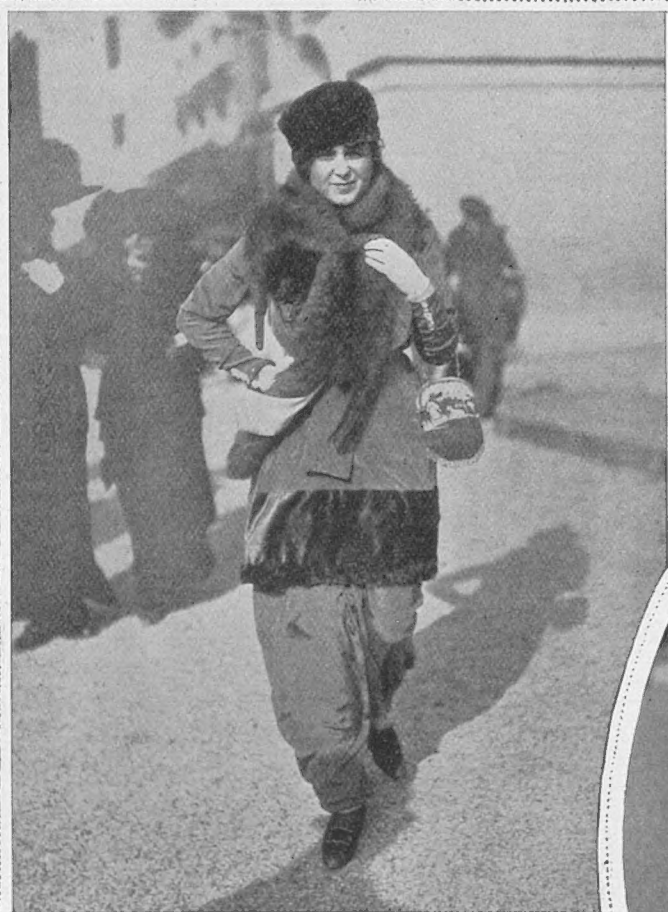
For consider. The Haymarket is a large theatre, and the stage, as a rule, is brilliantly lighted. The stronger the lights, of course, the more difficult it is to distinguish fine shades of colour. (I need hardly say that this applies only to artificial light).

Now comes the make-up. I do not know precisely how Teenie makes up, for I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing “ Bunty.” I understand, however, that the play deals with Scottish country life, so that Teenie, presumably, would be a healthy girl with a good colour. This means, in stage talk, a “ foundation ” of one-and-a-half, which hides the skin completely. Then “ No. 2 carmine,” or “ dark rose.” Finally, plenty of powder.

If the gentleman was sitting in the front of the stalls, and even then saw Teenie blush hotly with pleasure, that must have been a blush deserving of such fame as I can bestow upon it—and far more.



## THE VERY LATEST: FOR THE TRIBUNE AND THE PELOUSE.



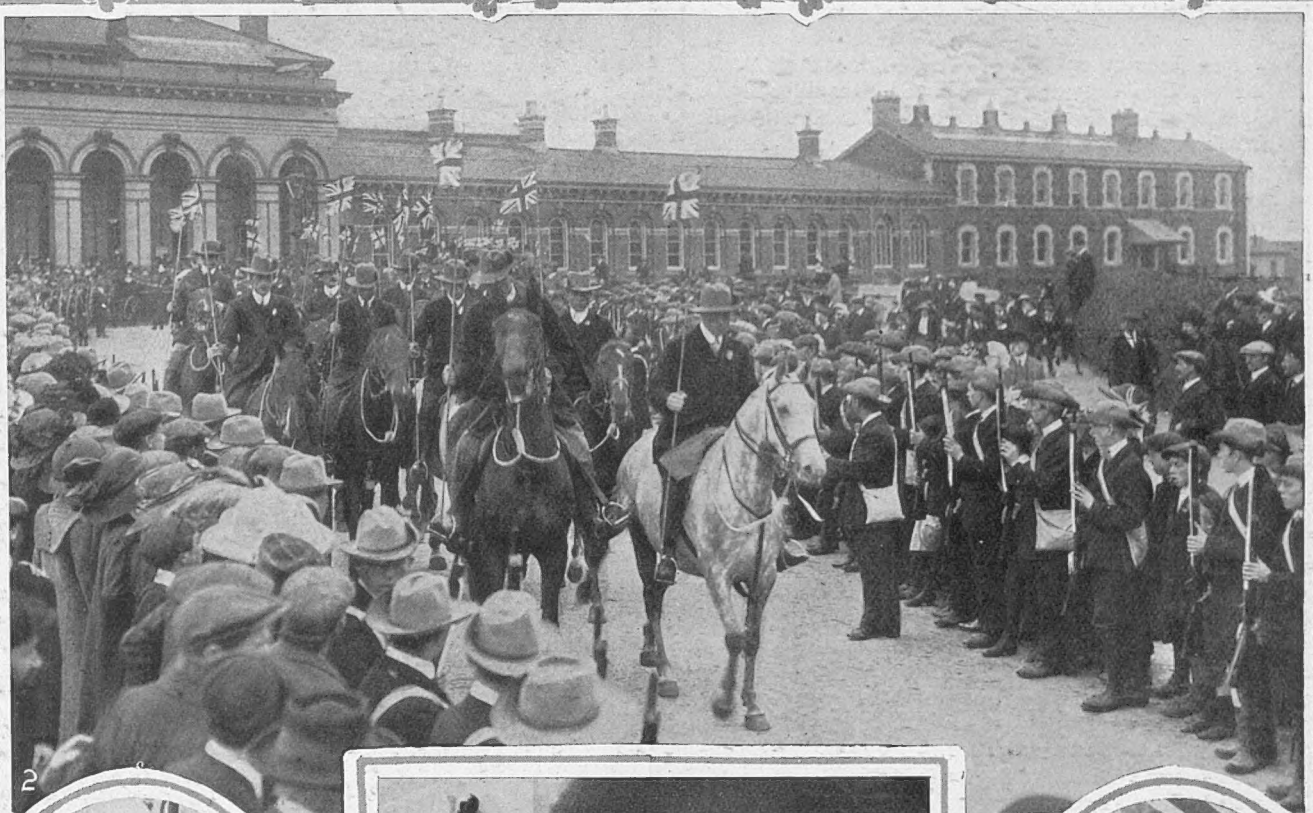
## A GREATER ATTRACTION THAN THE RUNNERS: RACE-MEETING FASHIONS IN FRANCE.

At the average race-meeting in France quite as much interest is taken in the dresses of the fashionable women present as in the racing. The woman of Society and the mannequin, the mondaine and the demi-mondaine, all vie with one another to be attired in the very latest mode. The Parisienne knows what is expected of her in giving a lead to the world's fashions, and she fulfils the expectations very thoroughly. A very interesting opinion, which some may regard as heretical, was recently expressed on this subject by Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, who, as the author of a "History of English Costume," ought to know. "The French," he said (we quote the "Pall Mall Gazette") "have the ideas—no one can touch them when dress schemes require to be formulated—but they cannot themselves wear the gowns when they have created them. It takes an Englishwoman to do that. . . . It requires the Englishwoman's figure and the Englishwoman's carriage to set off satisfactorily the creations evolved in the Rue de la Paix, and an Englishwoman in a Paris frock is the best-gowned woman in the world."

*Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.*



DUMMY RIFLES, CANNON, AND LANCES AS SYMBOLS:  
WILL THE REAL THINGS EVER TAKE THEIR PLACE IN ANTI-HOME RULE ULSTER?



1. CARRYING THEIR DUMMY RIFLES AND WEARING THEIR KHAKI HATS AND HAVERSACKS: "INFANTRYMEN" AT PORTADOWN.
2. THE BODYGUARD WITH IMITATION LANCES; AND "TROOPS" WITH TOY RIFLES LINING THE ROAD: THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION LEAVING PORTADOWN STATION.

3. DAINTY FIGURES IN THE PROCESSION: NURSES OF THE "ARMY."
4. "I HOPE I MAY NEVER HAVE TO USE IT": SIR EDWARD CARSON WITH HIS PRESENTATION BLACKTHORN WALKING-STICK.
5. OF WOOD AND PAINTED TO LOOK LIKE THE REAL THING: THE "CANNON."

Sir Edward Carson's remarkable anti-Home Rule tour in Ulster gave rise, of course, to much comment, and provided the man in the street with more than usual opportunity to note how differently eyes will see the same event, according to the political beliefs of their owners. Needless to say, the Liberal papers found a good deal of fun in the facts that Sir Edward's progress had several features usually reserved for royalty: that his bodyguard was armed with imitation lances; and that at Portadown, in particular, much show was made of men armed with toy rifles and of a cannon made of wood to look like the real thing. The "Daily Chronicle" waxed very facetious about this: "A band struck up the National Anthem. . . . There was a guard of honour on the platform. . . . The men wore khaki hats and haversacks, and they carried toy rifles. . . . At the word of command they presented arms. . . . Captain Waring invited Sir Edward to inspect the Guard of Honour, which he graciously consented to do. . . ."

Photographs by G.P.P., Topical, and Illustrations Bureau.

[Continued opposite.]



## SIR EDWARD'S "ROYAL" WELCOME IN LOYAL ULSTER:

"CANNON," "RIFLES," "TROOPS"; AND A MARCH PAST.



1. "ARTILLERY" OF THE "ARMY" WHICH PARADED AT PORTADOWN IN HONOUR OF SIR EDWARD CARSON; "TROOPS" WITH A DUMMY CANNON, DUMMY RIFLES, AND UNIFORM CAPS.

2. SIR EDWARD CARSON, MR. F. E. SMITH, LORD LONDONDERY, AND MR. J. B. LONSDALE AT THE SALUTING POST:  
THE MARCH-PAST AT PORTADOWN.

*Continued.*

—I managed . . . to see 'His Majesty' enter a carriage, the driver of which had thoughtfully removed his hat, just exactly as the King's coachman would do if he were meeting his Majesty. . . . There was an ambulance waggon, all ready for the fight; there were half-a-dozen pretty Irish girls dressed as nurses; and, last of all, a wooden cannon mounted on two bicycle wheels." The "Daily Telegraph" said: "It was not permissible to carry arms. So the Unionist clubmen bore dummy rifles, but they handled them like the real things. They have divided themselves into horse, foot, and artillery. . . . When Sir Edward Carson witnessed the march-past of more than 5000 irregulars, he saw some dummy guns mounted on wheels taken from harvesting machines, a mounted ambulance corps, with nurses. . . . They are not acting in any aggressive spirit."

*Photographs by Topical and Newspaper Illustrations.*



**HIS MAJESTY'S.** Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.  
**EVERY EVENING** at 8.15, **DRAKE**, a play in 3 acts, by Louis N. Parker.  
 Produced by **SIR HERBERT TREE**, in conjunction with the Author.  
**MATINEES WEDS. and SATS. and THURS., Oct. 10 and 17 at 2.15.**

**ST. JAMES'S.** **THE TURNING POINT.**  
 GEORGE ALEXANDER and ETHEL IRVING.  
**EVERY EVENING** at 8.15.  
**FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT** at 2.

**GARRICK.** **FIND THE WOMAN.**  
 ARTHUR BOURCHIER and Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH.  
**EVERY EVENING** at 8.30. **MATINEE** every WED. and SAT. at 2.30.

**GAIETY THEATRE.** Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.  
**EVERY EVENING** at 8, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' production—  
 A Musical Play, **THE SUNSHINE GIRL.** **MAT.** every SAT. at 2. Box-office 10 to 10.

**EMPIRE.** Lydia Kyasht and Alex Volinin in **FIRST LOVE**,  
 a dance episode. **EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!** Revue. Ida Crispi, Unity More,  
 Ivy St. Helier, Farren Soutar, Will Cromwell, and Robert Hale, Barnold's Dog and  
 Monkey Actors, and Varieties. **Evenings** at 8. Manager, Arthur Aldin.

**PALLADIUM.** Argyll Street, W. **CHARLES GULLIVER**,  
 MANAGING DIRECTOR. Always the best entertainment in London. Two performances  
 daily, 6.20 and 9.10. **Matinees** Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, 2.30. Admission from 6d. to 5s.  
 Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s., and £1 1s. Charlotte Parry, Submarine F7, Fred Karno, Varieties, etc.

**DUBLIN HOTEL METROPOLE, SACKVILLE STREET**  
 (next General Post Office). Convenient for Railways, Steamers, and Amusements. The  
 most Modern and Luxurious. Passenger Lift. Electric Light, Sanitation officially certified. High-  
 class restaurant attached. Moderate Tariff. Descriptive matter on application to the Manager.

**WESTGATE-ON-SEA.**  
**ST. MILDRED'S HOTEL.**  
 UNEQUALLED POSITION FACING SEA.  
 STANDS IN ITS OWN GROUNDS OF OVER AN ACRE.  
 Magnificent Lounge.  
 THE ONLY HOTEL IN WESTGATE WITH ELECTRIC  
 LIGHT AND SYSTEM OF HEATING.  
 SPECIAL TERMS for LENGTHENED STAY DURING  
 THE WINTER MONTHS AND FOR GOLFERS.  
 ELECTRIC LIFT.  
 Telephone: 196 Westgate. E. B. ALEXANDER, Proprietor.

**BRIGHTON IN AN HOUR, DAILY,**  
 BY "THE SOUTHERN BELLE."

From VICTORIA 11 a.m. and 3.10 p.m. Week-days, and 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Sundays.  
 Returning from BRIGHTON Week-days 12.20 and 5.45 p.m., and Sundays 5 and 9.30 p.m.  
 Day Return Tickets, 12s.

Other Trains to Brighton leave Victoria 9, 10.5, 10.40, 11.40 a.m., 1 (Sats. only), 1.55,  
 3.40, 4.30, 5.35, 6.35, 7.15, 8.30, 9.50 p.m. and 12.5 midnight. Week-End Tickets issued every  
 Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

Details of Superintendent of the Line, L.B. and S.C.R., London Bridge.

## POLICE DOGS.

Major Richardson's **AIREDALES**, as supplied Admiralty, Home, Colonial, and Continental  
 Police, best companions for house-protection, inside or outside, lonely walks, etc., from 4 gns.;  
 Pups, 2 gns. Also **BLOODHOUNDS**, Pups, 7 gns.; Adults, 20 gns.; and Rough and  
 Smooth **FOX TERRIERS**, **SCOTCH TERRIERS**, 4 gns.; Pups, 2 gns. Grovënd,  
 Harrow. Tel. 423.

## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

CHAPMAN AND HALL.  
**Romances of the French Theatre.**  
 Francis Gribble. 15s. net.

MACMILLAN.  
**Mrs. Lancelot: A Comedy of Assump-**  
**tions.** Maurice Hewlett. 6s.

MILLS AND BOON.  
**Stormlight.** Lady Trowbridge. 6s.  
**The Browns.** J. E. Buckrose. 6s.

HEINEMANN.  
**Life of Michael Angelo.** Romain Rolland.  
 6s. net.

**German Memories.** Sidney Whitman. 7s. 6d.  
 net.

APPLETON.  
**The Price She Paid.** David Graham  
 Phillips. 6s.

BLACKWOOD.  
**The Second City.** W. J. Escott. 6s.  
**Monsieur Carnifex.** Alexander Crawford.  
 6s.

MURRAY.  
**Glamour.** Bohun Lynch. 6s.  
**Simon Brandin.** B. Paul Neuman. 6s.  
**Jelf's.** Horace Annesley Vachell. 1s. 6d. net.  
**The Street of the Flute-Player.** H. de  
 Vere Stacpoole. 6s.

METHUEN.  
**My Own Times.** Lady Dorothy Nevill.  
 15s. net.

HOLDEN AND HARDINGHAM.

**Barriers.** Hon. Mrs. Julian Byng. 6s.

SEELEY SERVICE.

**Photography of To-Day.** H. Chapman  
 Jones. 5s. net.  
**Heroes of Science.** Charles R. Gibson. 5s.  
**Among Congo Cannibals.** John H. Weeks.  
 16s. net.

EVERETT.  
**Mr. Cherry.** John Oxenham. 1s. net.  
**In the Land of the Blue Gown.** Mrs. A.  
 Little. 1s. net.  
**Lovers' Knots.** Marjorie Bowen. 1s. net.

## SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch,"  
 and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the  
 Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or  
 detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and  
 address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and  
 drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"Sketch" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.  
 PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH." PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND CANADA.  
 Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.  
 Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d.  
 Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number),  
 8s. 3d.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.  
 Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.  
 Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s.  
 Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number),  
 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union  
 of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the  
 East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

## FAVOURITE OF A QUEEN—AND OF THE KING: GODOY.\*

The Prince of the Peace Championed. "This," says Mr. Edmund B. d'Auvergne of his book, "is the story of one of those play-things of fortune of whom the history of despotic monarchies, and particularly that of Spain, has had so much to tell. By his mere charm of manner, Godoy, a penniless Guardsman, captivated the Queen of Spain; by his gentleness of disposition, by his intelligence, strange to say, by his fidelity, he secured the unbounded confidence of the King. No name is more detested by his countrymen than his. . . . Godoy obtained his power ignobly, but he used it well." That in the Preface of a most engrossing study of an extraordinary personality. All of which is but to show that Mr. d'Auvergne has constituted himself a doughty champion of the much-reviled Prince of the Peace, and, while acknowledging the favourite's faults and mistakes, sets against them in the scales of justice much weighty evidence of wise deeds bravely and unselfishly done. More, he is not only willing to throw down the glove of challenge; he makes his subject sympathetic: not an easy feat when the prejudice of years has to be swept aside.

Established as  
 Favourite.

Manuel Godoy is seen first on a morning in 1784, riding into Madrid, a lad of seventeen, hopeful of entering the ranks of the King's Garde de Corps, and furnished with "a gracious smile, bold black eyes and a well-turned leg"; with "his father's blessing, a certificate of nobility in his wallet, and a letter of introduction to one of the *camaristas*, or ladies-in-waiting at the Court." So he came to receive the coveted bandolier of his Catholic Majesty's bodyguard, that ornamental band of *chocolateros* who, as privates, ranked with the lieutenants of other regiments, as cadets with the captains, as lieutenants with the colonels, and as captains with the generals. And it happened before long that Maria Luisa came to find that the Guardsman from Badajoz was the centre of her existence; and that Charles, her husband, discovered in him an excellent draughts-player. Out of those two facts were born many honours for Godoy. When Charles was King, Maria Luisa Queen, he was soon a power with which many had to reckon. "Upon the accession of her husband, the Queen promoted her new lover to the rank of adjutant-cadet in the Guards." In February of 1791, the King "made a batch of twenty-four lieutenant-generals, and nearly forty major-generals, solely (so Zinoviev assures us) in order to advance Godoy to the rank of brigadier." Later, there was a grant of crown lands worth ten thousand pounds a year: this on the part of the King; then promotion to sergeant-major of the bodyguard, and "translation" to the position of a Grandee of the first class with the title of Duke of Alcudia. Following was his appointment as First Secretary of State. By that time Godoy was in the twenty-fifth year of his age! The times were troublous, but the favourite faced them fearlessly, and ruled daringly. He could not save the head of Louis XVI., as the King whole-heartedly desired; but in the inevitable war which was the sequel, he planned well and his great hour was when the Treaty of Bâle had been signed. Prince of the Peace was the title given him, and with this went the title of "Highness." "His fortune amounted to forty millions of francs; he held open court in the grandiose palace which is now the Ministry of Marine." Yet, it would seem, his sway was mild. In the midst of political intrigue, he caused the release of personal enemies; cut the claws of the Holy Office; patronised the arts; founded the Royal Medical College of Madrid. Then materialised the alliance between "the cousin of Louis XVI. and the representatives of his executioners," directed against England—and war; then the Council of March 28, 1798, which went against the wishes of the Prince of the Peace—and his resignation.

The End of  
 It All.

That put him in the background, but, in reality, he had "lost nothing of his influence over the King, and the Queen he could always bring to her knees when he felt disposed to play the lover." Spain was towed by France at that period, and Napoleon began to be increasingly "difficult." Godoy, with Ceballos, now Secretary of State, as a mouthpiece, was again the power behind the throne. Intrigue was met with intrigue; the favourite pitted himself against the First Consul; then worked with him against England—and for Trafalgar! So the great game of grab went on; Godoy coveted a Principality of his own, between Spain and Portugal, and was created Grand Admiral of Spain and the Indies; the conspiracy of the Escurial came into being; Napoleon's scheming and activity increased; Junot entered Lisbon; the favourite again faced the Man of Destiny. And the end of it all? "I, the King," at Aranjuez, March 18, 1808, relieved the Prince of the Peace of his functions as generalissimo and high admiral. Godoy was hiding in an attic of his own house, from his own countrymen. Captured, he was well guarded and treated ill. When he was released he was dirty and in rags, a pitiable object. Next, exile was his, with his old master and mistress. "He passed out of history . . . survived his fall forty-four years." In 1818 he was penniless. "In remembrance at last of his generosity to the French Royalist exiles, Louis Philippe settled an annuity of £200 upon him. On Oct. 4, 1851, he died. "The notice of his death appeared in but one Spanish journal"! And Paris lost one who "would sit contentedly in the gardens of the Palais Royal or the Tuileries, playing with the children."

\* "Godoy: The Queen's Favourite." By Edmund B. d'Auvergne. (Stanley Paul; 16s. net.)





AIR-SCOUTS, AMERICAN REPORTERS, THE KAISER AND HIS SON, AND AN OLD SOLDIERS' CLUB.

### The Other Side of the Hill.

One result of the part played by aeroplanes in the autumn manœuvres of all the European armies this year will be that the much-quoted saying of Wellington as to generalship lying in knowing what is on the other side of the hill will lose its currency. Every general, in future, will be able to find out by means of his air scouts exactly what is on the other side of any hill, and the delicate business of piecing together information obtained from spies, from reconnoitring officers, and from prisoners, will not have the supreme importance it has had till now in warfare.

### A New Military Art.

The art of deceiving the airmen will, however, be now amongst the wiles practised by commanders of all arms. Some of our artillerymen in this year's manœuvres put a covering of straw over guns and ammunition wagons, and hoped that they would be mistaken by the scouts up in the air for harvest carts.

The Germans, when their field-guns are in position, build arches of boughs over them to deceive observers from above. Our cavalry have learnt that, by moving along the grass edges on either side of the road and leaving the road itself clear, they often can escape detection by the airmen, and I should not be at all surprised to hear one day that the Highland regiments, on manœuvres, had copied Malcolm's ruse when advancing against Dunsinane, and that each man, by carrying a bough, will enable a regiment to assume the exact appearance of a hedge. By marching at night a whole division disappeared from the ken of the airmen, and were never again located by them, and some of the officers who were on manœuvres tell me that there were days when the clouds hung very near the earth and that the airmen had to dip so low to get beneath them that a shot-gun would have brought them down.



ACTING GERMAN AMBASSADOR: HERR VON KUHLMANN.

The office of German Ambassador in London being vacant owing to the much-regretted death of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the duties of Acting Ambassador are being performed by Herr von Richard Kuhlmann, C.V.O., Counsellor of the Embassy.

Photograph by Record Press.

was fired into him on his arrival in America. M. Loti's clothes would seem to have been unconventional in American eyes, and shoes with highish heels are not the usual wear on board ship, where most men put on the easiest heelless yachting shoes. The threat on the part of M. Loti's companion to challenge the reporters to a duel, if they would only sign their names to their articles, will send a smile round the newspaper offices of New York, in which the duellist journalist is not a member of the staff as he is in so many of the Parisian offices. M. Loti, however, can claim to have caused a new sensation by his début in America, and it is difficult, nowadays, to strike a new note in first appearances.

### The Kaiser's Displeasure.

It is curious that England seems fated to play a part in the estrangement which is growing up between the German Emperor and the heir to the German throne. It has always been said in Berlin that the exile of the Crown Prince to Danzig was the Kaiser's method of showing his displeasure of the light-hearted conduct of the Crown Prince while in India. The special incident that raised the Emperor's ire was the appearance of the Crown Prince in a big Indian station driving an ekka, the ramshackle little country cart of the Indian peasant. His motor-car had broken down on a journey—an ekka was the only conveyance available, and the Prince, enjoying the joke, was not content to be a

passenger on the little cart, but insisted on sitting in front, a foot on each shaft, and driving the bony little pony himself. It was the conduct of the Crown Prince in the Reichstag when the debate on Germany's relations with Great Britain was in progress that still further widened the breach. It seems, however, quite improbable that the Kaiser showed his displeasure against the Crown Prince by not attending the festivities in honour of the Crown Princess's birthday, for the ruler of Germany now looks to his daughter-in-law to relieve the Empress of many of her social duties, and for that reason, if for no other, is not likely to offend her.

### A Model Soldiers' Club.

I have before now written in this column of what is, in my idea, a model club for old soldiers, the Seaforth Highlanders' Club, in Edinburgh. The committee of this club has now published a booklet which should be of great use to the non-commissioned officers and men of the regiment who are finishing their service with the colours, and who will soon be transferred to the reserve. It tells men what are the positions for which preference is given to old soldiers of good character, and how to apply for these positions, giving particulars of the Government employments wholly or partly reserved for ex-soldiers. And it also, very usefully, gives models of the form of replies which the soldiers should use in answering advertisements of positions. I mention this little book because I think that other regimental associations might well copy the example of the Seaforths in distributing such a useful booklet amongst the men of their regiment.



EVE AND THE TOBACCO LEAF: A WOMAN WORKER.

On a tobacco farm at Methwold, Norfolk, run by Major G. F. Whitmore, the women workers wear a special dress designed by the Major, consisting of a short tunic and trousers. The object is to prevent injury to the plants from the swish of skirts.

Photograph by Sport and General.



HOW IT IS DONE: PHOTOGRAPHING THE KING—AT A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE.

Press photographers are here shown at work with their Long (and some would have it, Peeping) Tom cameras. This method of telephotography is, of course, used so as to avoid any annoyance to his Majesty by approaching too near. They are seen here in use at a race-meeting; they are also employed on many other occasions.—[Photograph by G. W. Fullwood.]





WELL KNOWN AS A SPORTS-WOMAN AND IN SOCIETY: MRS. HUGH CORBET.

Mrs. Hugh Corbet, who is well known both in London and in the hunting-field, is the wife of Mr. Hugh D. Corbet, of Sundorne Castle, Shropshire, and Downton, near Shrewsbury. She is a keen rider to hounds, and is devoted to shooting and stalking. Mr. and Mrs. Corbet spend every autumn at their shooting in Perthshire.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

rior—"the gift of a royal personage"—promises well. She thinks it takes an actress, accustomed to shift her accents, to enjoy the States. She tells a story of an Englishman who brought beautiful roses to her at the Plaza hotel. When she asked him to stay to tea, he turned to the page-boy and said, "Bring me—aw—a rose-jar!" The boy retired, with an intelligent expression. But in a moment he returned, "Please, what did you ask for?" he queried. Then the Englishman, very distinctly, "I want a rose-jar—aw!" "Yes, Sir, a rose-jar—aw; certainly, Sir," and the boy retired again. A minute or two later he returned, bearing a tumbler: "Our bar-tender thinks, mebbe, you're mixed on the names of our American drinks. He says he thinks you mean a mint-julep."



INVITED TO TAKE PART IN THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS AT GENEVA: MRS. ELMER BLACK.

Mrs. Elmer Black, of New York, woman leader of the International Peace Movement in America, was invited to take part in the International Peace Congress at Geneva, from September 23 to 27. She is the first American woman invited to attend an official session of the Peace Congress.

Photograph by H. Devitte.

THE presence of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and Lady de Bathe (just before her American departure) at the Carlton was a conjunction of unusual interest. Forty years ago they had seen one another often enough to be critical, and time has hardly altered them. In 1882 a famous diarist wrote: "Coquelin came in while I was with Mrs. Langtry, and they discussed Sarah Bernhardt in 'Frou-Frou,' not to Sarah's advantage." That, of course, was when Mrs. Langtry's fame was still young. Only four years before, Lord Randolph Churchill had written to his wife: "I dined with Lord Wharncliffe last night and took into dinner Mrs. Langtry, a most beautiful creature—quite unknown, very poor, and, they say, has but one black dress."

#### Accents of "aw."

Lady de Bathe's visit to America, with or without the much-paragraphed terrier—"the gift of a royal personage"—promises well. She thinks it takes an actress, accustomed to shift her accents, to enjoy the States. She tells a story of an Englishman who brought beautiful roses to her at the Plaza hotel. When she asked him to stay to tea, he turned to the page-boy and said, "Bring me—aw—a rose-jar!" The boy retired, with an intelligent expression. But in a moment he returned, "Please, what did you ask for?" he queried. Then the Englishman, very distinctly, "I want a rose-jar—aw!" "Yes, Sir, a rose-jar—aw; certainly, Sir," and the boy retired again. A minute or two later he returned, bearing a tumbler: "Our bar-tender thinks, mebbe, you're mixed on the names of our American drinks. He says he thinks you mean a mint-julep."

Signora Asquith. Mrs. Asquith paused in town (and at a favourite antique shop) between Scotland and Venice. The merchandise of Venice takes her eye, for brocades and gildings fall exactly into her domestic schemes. She is no innocent abroad, however, among the dealers. The glib gentleman who proffers stuffs dating "from the Doges" is abruptly asked, "Which?" and knows his match. Mrs. Asquith, like most people who have had many adventures among shops, returns with the feeling that

there is no place like London for "finds," though nothing in the world, let it be said, equals the curiosities in *crustacea* offered as edible by the inhabitants of the Lido.

#### Rivals on the Rialto.

Lady Ripon's judgment among the pots and pans of the Rialto rivals Mrs. Asquith's. Few women have a nicer natural sense of furnishing; and the setting up of a tiny house in North Street completed her education. There was no room there for the wrong thing! The Duchess of Westminster, Lady Cunard, Lady Radnor, and Lady Helen Vincent all succumbed, more or less, to the fascination of the Venetian stalls. Lady Helen returns to London, and rinking, with the consoling thought that in Venice there is water, water everywhere, but not a scrap of ice. Lord Kitchener, it is understood, looked out for paste upon the Ponte Vecchio, but saw nothing good enough to suit his requirements.

#### The Jolly Ancestress.

Lord Harrington has surrendered two family portraits by Reynolds to the irresistible Duveens. Is the painted lady the Countess of Harrington whom Horace Walpole almost surprised at her rouge-pot? "We repaired to her house," he writes, "and found her and the Pollard Ashe, as they call her, having just finished their last layer of red and looking as handsome as crimson can make them. After parading up and down, we assembled in our booth at Vauxhall. Lady Caroline (as the Countess then was) looking gloriously jolly and handsome. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which she stewed over a lamp, with three pats of butter and a flagon of water." Lord Harrington has no children, or possibly he would have been more tenacious of the jolly ancestress. As it is, he finds the flower and fruit shop he set going at Charing Cross as full of colour as any canvas, though not nearly so profitable, and he is more interested in the arts of polo and the chase than in that of the rouge-pot.



ENGAGED TO MARRY MAJOR CLIVE MORRISON-BELL: THE HON. LILAH WINGFIELD—A NEW PORTRAIT.

The Hon. Lilah Katharine Julia Wingfield is the youngest of the three sisters of Viscount Powerscourt. She is twenty-four. Both her sisters have married Army officers, Major Van de Weyer and Captain the Hon. Arthur Chichester. Major Clive Morrison-Bell, a son of Sir Charles Morrison-Bell, Bt., is M.P. for East Devon. He was at one time in the Scots Guards.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



LEAVING FOR BUCHAREST, WHERE HER HUSBAND HAS BEEN APPOINTED MINISTER: LADY BARCLAY.

Lady Barclay is leaving England for Bucharest: her husband, Sir George Barclay, it will be recalled, was recently appointed Minister to Roumania. For the last four years he has been Minister at Teheran. Lady Barclay, who was married in 1891, was Miss Beatrix Chapman, daughter of the late Mr. Henry G. Chapman, of New York.—[Photograph by Savory.]



NURSING HER HUSBAND AFTER THEIR MOTOR ACCIDENT IN ITALY: THE HON. MRS. MARCONI.

Mr. and Mrs. Marconi were motoring near Borgheito last week when their car collided with one containing seven Venetian ladies, and was overturned. Mr. Marconi was badly injured and was taken to the Naval Hospital at Spezia. His wife, who was not hurt, attended him there. She is a half-sister of Lord Inchiquin.

Photograph by Lafayette.

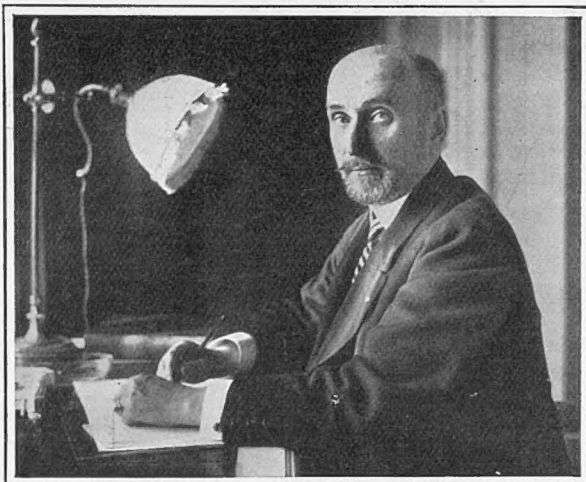


## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. C. BIRCH CRISP—FOR BEING ONE TOO MANY FOR SIX GREAT POWERS.

*Photograph by Russell.*



M. SAZONOFF—FOR GOING ON A VISIT TO BALMORAL AND ENGAGING IN CONVERSATION WITH THE KING AND SIR EDWARD GREY ABOUT PERSIA.

*Photograph by C.N.*



THE KING OF MONTENEGRO—FOR BEING READY TO FIGHT HAD HE BEEN A PRIVATE MAN.

*Photograph by Kuntzemuller.*



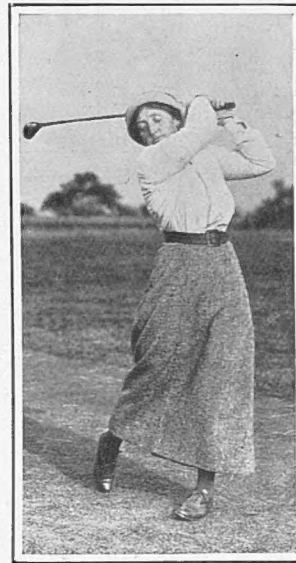
MR. EDWARD BLACKWELL—FOR MAKING A NEW GOLF RECORD AT ST. ANDREWS.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*



THE LORD CHANCELLOR—FOR SHOULDERING A GUN AT DUNBAR ON A MORE PEACEABLE OCCASION THAN WHEN CROMWELL ADVISED "KEEPING YOUR POWDER DRY."

*Photograph by Ian Smith.*



MRS. JEKEN—FOR WINNING THE YORKSHIRE LADIES' COUNTY GOLF HANDICAP.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*



MR. JACOB EPSTEIN—FOR HIS CONFIDENCE IN HIS OSCAR WILDE MONUMENT.

*Photograph by Barratt.*



MISS BLANCHE STEWART SCOTT—FOR BEING THE ONLY LIVING PROFESSIONAL AIRWOMAN IN THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE DEATH OF MISS HARRIET QUIMBY.

*Photograph by Topical.*



MR. JAMES SUTHERLAND—FOR HAVING SHOT MORE ELEPHANTS THAN ANYONE ELSE.

Mr. C. Birch Crisp has won great kudos on the Stock Exchange, as well as more substantial advantages, by carrying through the £10,000,000 Chinese Loan in defiance of the opposition of six Powers—Great Britain, France, Germany, the United States, Russia, and Japan.—M. Sazonoff, the Russian Foreign Minister, has been staying at Balmoral with the King, and engaging in conversations with his Majesty, Sir Edward Grey, and others on the subject of Russian and British interests in Persia.—King Nicholas of Montenegro said the other day, with reference to the anti-Turkish feeling in the Balkans, that, had he been a private citizen, he might have been the first to take up arms, but, as a ruler, he could do nothing without the consent of Russia.—Mr. Edward Blackwell, in playing off the tie with six other golfers for the gold medal of the Royal and Ancient Club at St. Andrews, made a record round of 73, thus beating the amateur competition record, 74.—The Lord Chancellor (Lord Haldane) the other day received the Freedom of Dunbar, and while taking the oath from the Provost stood, according to ancient ceremony, with a gun over his shoulder.—Mrs. Jeken, of Leeds, won the Yorkshire Ladies' County Golf Club's Challenge Bowl Tournament at Hawskworth, Bradford, last Friday. She beat Mrs. Judge, of Hull, in the final by 5 and 4.—Mr. James Sutherland, the big-game hunter, whose new book, "The Adventures of an Elephant Hunter," has just been announced, holds the world's record for shooting elephants. In the course of his career he has laid low 447 male tuskers. A heavy bag!—Miss Blanche Stewart Scott, since the death of Miss Harriet Quimby, claims to be America's only professional airwoman. She is preparing to fly from Dover to Calais and back in a hydroplane.—Mr. Jacob Epstein, the sculptor of the much-discussed monument to Oscar Wilde recently placed in Père la Chaise Cemetery, lately expressed confidence that it would be approved by the authorities.





By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

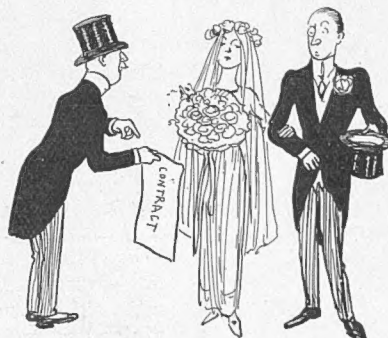
IT is all very well for a magistrate to say, "If a man shot his fist in my face I would keep my eye on him," but the mere ordinary citizen, without the magisterial glare, is usually too much occupied on such occasions in keeping the man's fist off his eye.

#### THE GAIETY OF THE PEERAGE.

(Mr. Edwardes is going to introduce an anti-nuptial clause in all his future contracts with the beautiful ladies who grace his theatres. This is sad news, for Lady Dorothy Nevill has just approved of such marriages.)

There's some very  
awful news  
In the recent inter-  
views  
With the genial but dis-  
tinctly autocratic  
Mr. Edwardes, he  
who rules  
The most popular of  
schools  
For initiating Peers in  
things dramatic.

His damsels, it is said,  
Are no longer free to  
wed,  
And the rumour is con-  
firmed that Mr.  
E. meant  
To deprive his choi-  
cest stars  
Of their matrimonial  
"pars"  
By an anti-nuptial clause in their agree-  
ment.



M. Jan Kubelik has changed his name to Janos Polgar, on his marriage. Anyhow, let us hope that, like our married beauties over here, he will keep his stage name on the platform, for we shall never remember whether M. Polgar scrapes, toots or thumps on a musical instrument.

Weather prophets threaten that a winter of Arctic severity is coming upon us. Nonsense! We've just had it.

The halfpenny French Crapulo cigar, which burned all crooked, and choked men and microbes, is to be abolished, and a better cigar at the same price is to be introduced. One by one the hardships of travel on the Continent are being done away with.



Lamentations rend  
the air  
In each palace of  
Mayfair,  
In each hall and in each  
castle of Bel-  
gravia;  
All the eligible  
Peers  
Are dissolved in  
bitter tears  
At this highly inconsi-  
derate behaviour.

All the belted Earls  
of Trade,  
Who have recently  
been made,  
Will combine to send this  
ukase to the  
devil,  
With all the keener  
zest  
Since such unions  
have been blest  
In the book of Lady  
Dorothea Nevill!

Feminine girls, with pretty frocks and pretty manners, are coming into fashion again. "I have not," says an observer, "met one masculine girl with aggressive bearing and manly stride." So, after all, we do owe the Twopenny Tube skirt a debt of gratitude.

And a fashion expert says that skirts will be tighter than ever this autumn. If this is so, there is no more question of the manly stride, for the wearers must hop, or the skirts will go pop.



Harvesters in East Denbighshire were working a week or two ago by lantern-light. Here in London we gather in our scanty harvests by gas or electricity during a fog, but hardly think it worth mentioning.

Why did the Army Manœuvres in East Anglia come to an unexpected conclusion? There are many speculations on this point, but the most plausible seems to be the sudden discovery of Letchworth Garden City by the troops, as the place was not marked on the Ordnance maps served out by, or to, the Intelligence Department.

More knowledge. The Willesden magistrate has informed a potman that, in the eye of the law, he is a gentleman, like a solicitor. It is sad to think that the Heralds' College has kept this dark for years, and so prevented hundreds from following a useful and honourable profession.

Egham Urban Council are going to ask the Postmaster-General to place the telephone wires underground at Runnymede, where, a paragraphist pathetically adds, King John signed

Magna Charta. Would-be users of the telephone are of opinion that the whole department might advantageously be put underground at that convenient spot.

#### THE VANISHING CAT.

(Many valuable cats have disappeared of late, and it appears that they have been stolen by men on cycles, to which large baskets are attached, and carried off to be made into fur.)

When the night's shadows  
descend  
Pussy no longer can  
curb an  
Aching to go out and rend  
The quiet of by-ways  
suburban.

Then on swift bicycles  
swoop  
Ruffians whose horrible  
task it  
Is the pet Persian to scoop,  
And carry her off in a  
basket.

And a week later you'll  
know,  
Giddy *bon vivant*, that  
when you  
Dine *à la carte* in  
Soho,  
She's the juggled  
hare in the  
menu.  
But it was never the  
cook



Urged vagrant cy-  
clists to kill  
her;  
Cat skins are faked up  
to look  
Just like the finest  
chinchilla!



The ex-Shah, having been sufficiently educated, is to leave Russia and go back to Persia. The present Shah is then to be sent to Russia for his education. This is very convenient. With two Shahs, one of whom is always being "educated" in Russia, things should go quite smoothly—for Russia.

An errand-boy discovered on a doorstep at Windsor said that he had run away from home because (oh, tush!) he was tired of Wimbledon. In the brave days of old boys ran away with Drake, round the world in search of dragons and Eldorado. Now they only get as far as Windsor, most of the way, probably, in a motor-bus.

Old-fashioned persons are still grumbling about the decay of good handwriting, as if everything were not done by typewriter nowadays. The only thing a man wants to write to-day is his name on a cheque, and even that need not be legible so long as it is not returned marked "No account."

For a long while moderate people have wondered why port wine is always considered, among those who appear in police courts, to be a temperance drink, and now from Thirsk, in Yorkshire, comes the answer. It is because "all the teetotalers drink it."  $C_2H_5OH$  is no longer the test.





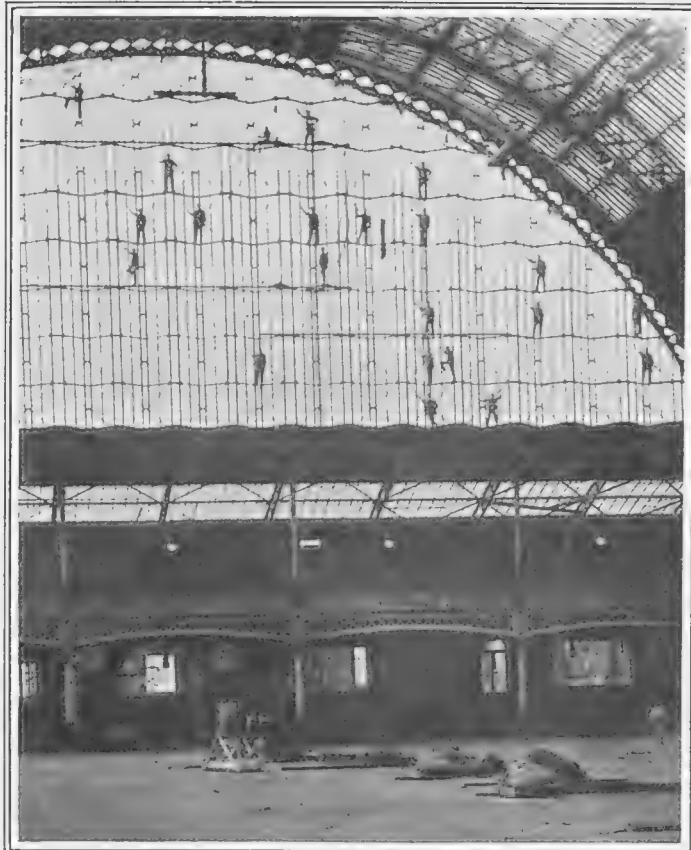


## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



DETERMINED TO BLOW THE "TIMBUCTOO" TO JERICHO:  
A BOMB-DROPPER ABOVE A LUMINOUS BATTLE-SHIP.

Flying by night took place at the Hendon Aerodrome last week. Amongst the events of the evening was a bomb-dropping competition, airmen endeavouring to drop "explosives" on the "Timbuctoo," a model Dreadnought covered with luminous paint. The photograph shows Mr. Sydney Pickles practising throwing a bomb down one of the funnels of the Dreadnought.—The second photograph, as we have noted, shows the fixing of the staging to be used by the men who are to repaint Olympia. Four tons of paint will be needed for the roof alone.—[Photographs by Partridge's Pictorial Press and Fleet.]



LIKE FLIES UPON A WINDOW-PANE, BUT NOT TO BE "SWATTED":  
MEN FIXING STAGING FOR PAINTERS IN OLYMPIA.



MADE WITH THE AID OF A POCKET-KNIFE ONLY:  
A REMARKABLE ORGAN.

The organ, which was constructed with a pocket-knife as the only tool, has just been completed by Mr. Robert Smith, a Cramlington miner, who began it in 1889, and has devoted his leisure time to its construction. The woodwork consists for the most part of well-seasoned oak.—Dr. Faith Leong can claim to be the only Chinese woman practising in dentistry. She is a graduate of an American College of Physicians and Surgeons.—[Photographs by R. Reanison and Louis J. Stellman.]



NOT A BARBER—A DENTIST: DR. FAITH LEONG,  
OF SAN FRANCISCO.





TO BACONIANS "BARKERISED" BACON: THE WHOLE PLAY'S THE THING.

**Barkerised Shakespeare.**

What a hurly-burly over the revival of "The Winter's Tale," which seems to have excited many excellent citizens to a state of fury! "Barkerised Shakespeare" is the cry of several critics, and I expect that some regretted that they did not believe in the Baconian theory,



AUTOLYCUS: MR. ARTHUR WHITBY.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

and could not get an alliterative note by calling it "Barkerised Bacon." The to-do reminds me somewhat of my younger days, when all the respectable thirsted for the blood of the "aesthetes" and of "that man Whistler" and "that fellow Wilde." And what has Mr. Barker done to Shakespeare—what is the head and front of his offending? Not, I hope, that he has given us the whole of a Shakespeare play instead of the customary two-thirds or three-quarters, and yet I am doubtful. I imagine wise men saying to themselves that this sort of thing must be stopped lest others follow suit, and it become the custom

to spare us nothing—fancy having the whole of "Hamlet" at the Theatre, when we find the best fractions of it so hard to bear. Little praise is given to the Barker-McCarthy management for thus violating modern precedent and letting us have the complete text without transposition of scenes: yet I, though by no means one of the Shakespeare idolaters, feel grateful because, in consequence of this, the play gained greatly. To play Shakespeare for the purple patches, throwing in what some deem the dull scenes only so far as appears necessary, is to do abominable injustice—and get vast kudos for doing it.

**The Pace That Kills.**

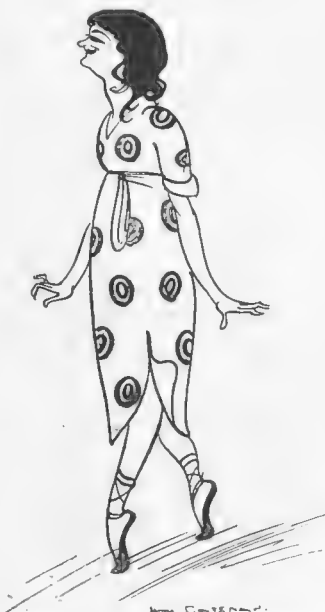
We were able to make our attack under cover of the suggestion that, in order to give the whole play, the pace of the acting was so great that many players were indistinct in utterance, and of course we ignored the fact that some were able to speak rapidly and distinctly, thus proving that the fault was not with the pace. Most observant people deem it one of the chief defects of the modern stage that the players talk too slowly, and seem fonder of their own portentous pauses than of the words of the author, and it was not surprising that some of them when hurried were flurried. Probably by now this weakness and others have disappeared. To tell the reader one of the secrets of the craft, when we do not like a production we lay great stress upon undeniable blemishes, such as this indistinctness of speech and the excessive noisiness of the revelling rustics, knowing full well that such matters will soon be abated, and to a great extent are mere first-night imperfections. And when we are well-disposed—and of sufficient experience—we make allowances, knowing that the symptoms of first-nightites are numerous, and that some of the most successful players suffer appallingly from stage fright at a première to the end of their days. Now, after considering the admirable delivery of Mr. Nigel Playfair of the long speech giving an account of the

reconciliation of the two kings and the recognition of Perdita, we see how swiftly, yet perfectly, Shakespeare can be spoken.

**Those Dresses.**

Of course, the Romano-Rothenstein dresses and the Norman Wilkinson "decorations" met with grave censure. The "white" lavishly employed as a background, against which the energetic colour of the costumes gave gorgeous effects, was startling, and some declared it to be tiring to the eyes; but this did not seem to me the case. I admit that several of the costumes are too quaint, and have the defect that, despite their charm, they are distracting in form, and, by drawing attention from the play, commit a common vice in Shakespearean revivals. And the ladies, other than Hermione, are ill-

treated in having to wear gowns which "guyed" them. As for Perdita's first frock—or part of one—well, I am sure Master Florizel would not have tolerated anything of the kind, but have cried off his engagement on the ground that he was not going to marry a classical dancer, and one, moreover, who was not even paid for the exhibition. Yet, putting individual blemishes aside, one recalls much that was truly beautiful and quite novel and original in the setting. The critics' references to Reinhardt are mere nonsense, though a debt to Mr. Gordon Craig's influence is clearly discoverable—one person told me that Reinhardt was copied because of the "apron" and the exits from it, thereby merely exhibiting his own ignorance of the English stage before the German Professor was born.



PERDITA: MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT.

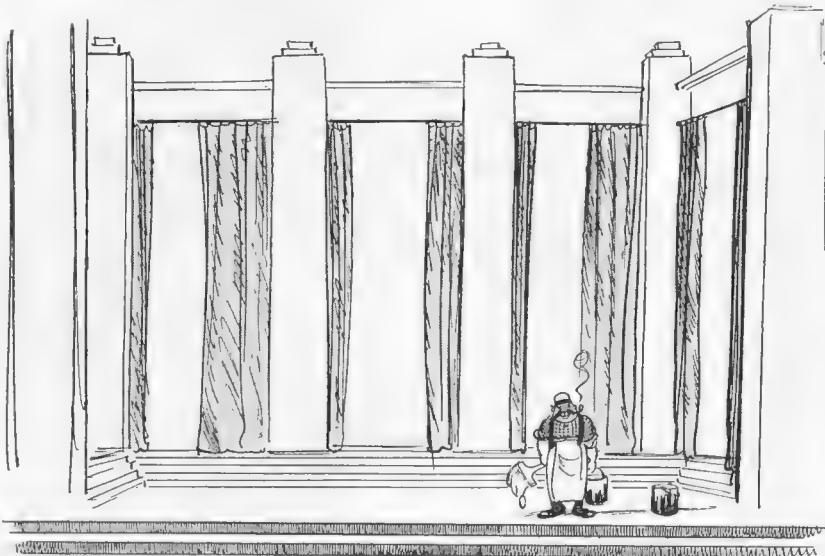
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

**The Acting.**

We had a real live Leontes in Mr. Henry Ainley, daring and cruelly powerful in his picture of that wretched monarch whose mind was so diseased that I confess the sixteen years' remorse excites more than mere wonder in me. Hermione was beautifully rendered by Miss Lillah McCarthy—some say she was not tender enough—but tender to whom? All admit that her reception of Perdita was quite exquisite, and tenderness to Leontes seems hardly in the question. What noble pictures she

presented, and what a superb exhibition of quiet dignity! Miss Cathleen Nesbitt on the first night certainly was a little "rowdy" as Perdita: charming, delightfully young and gay, no doubt, but the play demands a little more dignity not unnatural in one who was pledged to a well-brought-up young prince. Still, her work was very clever and full of promise. Florizel was well played by Mr. Neilson-Terry. As Paulina, Miss Esmé Beringer acted superbly, and her work in the last act will not be forgotten easily. Among the notable achievements was the very able Mamillius of Master Eric Rac. Mr. Arthur Whitby, the Autolycus, seemed a little too self-conscious to me, but acted with no little skill.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE).

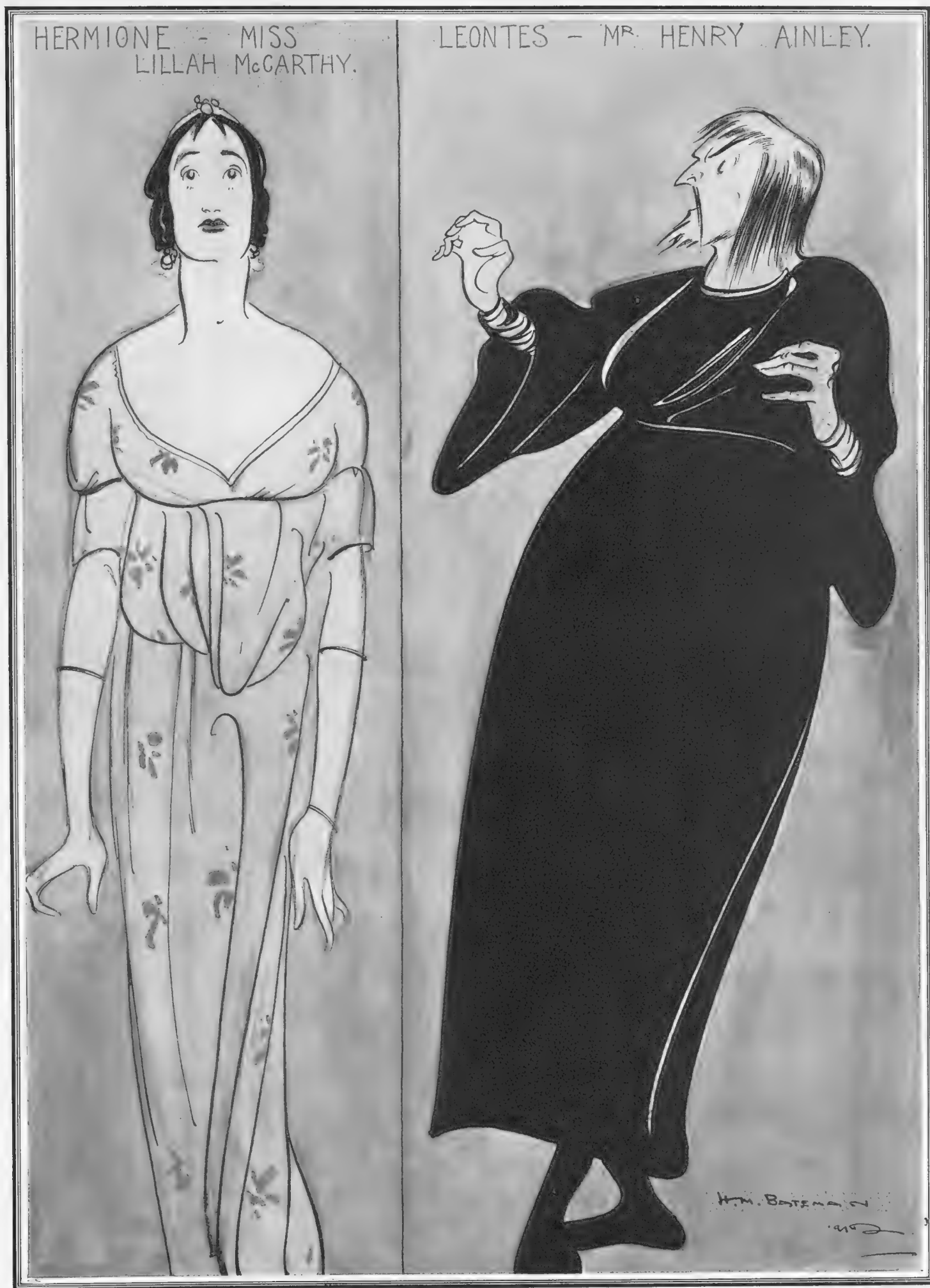


"THAT WHITEWASH FEELING; OR, THE PALACE OF SPRING CLEANING"—WHY DID NOT THE MAN WITH THE BRUSH TAKE A CALL?

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## OUR UNTAMED ARTIST AT THE PLAY: "THE WINTER'S TALE."



THE GRANVILLE BARKER SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL AT THE SAVOY: HERMIONE AND LEONTES.

Mr. Granville Barker's production of "The Winter's Tale" is the talk of the world interested in theatres. Photographs will be found elsewhere in this issue.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

IT is probable that the King, a miser of time, will in future make considerable use of the night expresses. Lately, after a long day in the field, he filled in the sleeping hours by travelling between Balmoral and Cambridge, and found that the experiment answered. After a night in the "sleeper," he spent another day in the saddle, and no time wasted. Apropos, an old campaigner told a story of a young soldier whom he saw on the march laden with a full kit-bag, and a dog besides. "Weren't you on the march all yesterday?" he asked the man. "Yes, Sir." "And weren't you in the firing-line all night?" "Yes, Sir." "Then why the deuce are you carrying that dog?" "The dog's tired, Sir." Even as a day-traveller, his Majesty has used his train as a dressing-room, if not as a bed-room. Leaving London as a Londoner, he has emerged in Scotland—in kilts.



DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER; MISS BOURCHIER.  
The marriage of Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh took place in 1894.  
*Photograph by Hoppé.*

a case addressed to "Messrs. Richmond and Gordon, 'The Gordon Castle,' Fochabers, Banffshire."

*At Balmoral.* Serenaded by the Balmoral pipers at the finish of the two-and-twenty dishes of a Castle dinner, General Sir Rudolph Slatin Pasha's thoughts and talk wander to other scenes. For twelve years he was a prisoner, not in the First, Second, or Third Division, but in something rather less luxurious than any of them. For eight months, if he can trust a troubled memory, he was chained naked to a post. His worst gaoler was the Mahdi, compared with whom the Kalifa was kindness itself, although he expected Slatin to run at his stirrup when he went riding. As it happened, one of the few men in the world who can cap Sir Rudolph's stories was also at Balmoral—Sir Reginald Wingate.

*Accepted Addresses.* Early in November Princess Henry of Battenberg will visit Lord and Lady Fortescue at Castle Hill, near Barnstaple, where she will be surrounded by friends and the famous deer. Her visit may be termed a return call. For



TO MARRY ON OCTOBER 9; MISS EMILIA ARAMAYO AND SEÑOR DON ALBERTO DE AGUILAR.

Miss Aramayo is the daughter of the late Bolivian Minister at the Court of St. James's. Señor de Aguilar, Secretary to the Spanish Legation in Copenhagen, is the eldest son of Señor Don Alfonso de Aguilar, Secretary to Queen Christina of Spain.—[Photographs by Bullingham.]

years the royal residences have offered lodging to various Fortescues. Mr. John Fortescue's address, an admirably brief one, is Windsor Castle, where he is Librarian; and Sir Seymour Fortescue has rooms in Friary Court, St. James's Palace. Lord



MISS SYLVIA C. HART-DAVIS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO THE REV. A. J. HOOK WAS FIXED FOR SEPT. 24.

Miss "Cherry" Hart-Davis is the youngest daughter of the Rev. R. H. Hart-Davis, and a niece of Sir Thomas Acland, of Killerton, Exeter. The Rev. Arthur James Hook is the younger son of the late Prebendary Walter Hook, Rector of Porlock.

*Photograph by Swaine.*



ENGAGED TO MR. GODFREY B. ROBINSON PEASE; MISS EDITHA R. LE HUNTE.

Miss Le Hunte is the only daughter of Sir George Le Hunte, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Trinidad and Tobago since 1908. Mr. Pease is the son of the late Mr. Henry J. R. Pease, of Hesselwood, Yorkshire.

*Photograph by Swaine.*

Fortescue is Lieutenant of his county, and the owner of a splendid place in the heart of Exmoor; in town he has Lowndes Street, the Travellers', and Brooks's for shelter. Had he—luckless man!—no home of his own, the family good-luck might be counted upon to land him in a palace.

## The 'Teenies.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have sent Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill, aged twelve, to Eton; Lord Romilly and Lord Brecknock enter upon their first terms, both aged thirteen, and for a few days probably share the popular distrust of that number. And Prince Henry will be thirteen when, next year, he goes to Wellington.

## The Chancellor Abroad.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer likes to meet his legislation face to face. There is not a housemaid or a butler encountered on his round of holiday visits, who was passed without a question as to the Act. But at Balmoral he must rest. The Castle is a sanctuary against his exactions, or, at least, he hopes it is. It was with his cognizance that the Duke of Fife's will was made exempt from duty as being royally private; and no Chancellor could be more anxious that the Sovereign's servants should not be subject to the annoyances of his ingenious schemes of insurance. But is it certain that the King shows himself at all anxious for such exemptions? When the other day his Majesty bought Shornbourn Hall Farm, it was found that one of the conditions of sale from time immemorial had been that the holder should pay yearly tribute in kind to Emmanuel College, Cambridge; and "six fat turkeys" will henceforth be despatched from the royal farm-yard. Some photographs of the farm appear on another page in this number.



THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF LADY MAUD RAMSDEN; MISS CYNTHIA RAMSDEN.

Lady Maud Conyngham's marriage to Captain Frederick William Ramsden took place in 1887. She is an aunt of Lord Conyngham.

*Photograph by Val F.Estrange.*



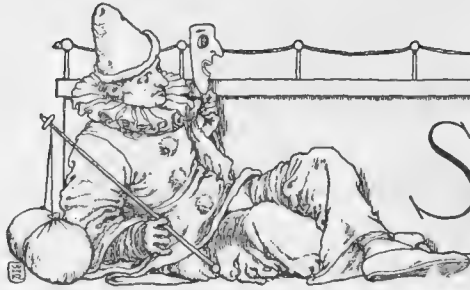
## BLACK BESS: THE DARK SIDE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.



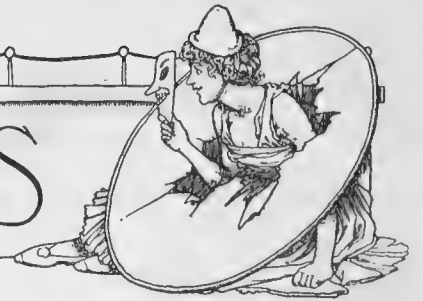
SILHOUETTED BY PHOTOGRAPHY: MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY, WHO IS PLAYING  
QUEEN ELIZABETH IN "DRAKE," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

To our gallery of silhouette portraits, in which are already hung the heads of Miss Marie Tempest and Miss Hilda Trevelyan, we now add that of Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, who is at present appearing with much success as Queen "Bess" in "Drake." As everyone knows, Miss Neilson-Terry is the daughter of Mr. Fred Terry and his wife, Miss Julia Neilson. Since her first appearance on the London stage in "Henry of Navarre" three years ago, she has made continuous and rapid progress in public approval. Among her successes have been her Viola in "Twelfth Night," Princess Priscilla in "Priscilla Runs Away," and, just recently, Lady Noeline in "The Amazons."





# STAR TURNS



DAN, THE DRUNKEN DOG, AND HIS TRAINER

LIKE many men who have won distinction, Dan, the dog which acts drunkenness with such remarkable fidelity to human nature, began in the humblest surroundings. He was abandoned in the streets of San Francisco and taken to the Pound, where Mr. Jack Voehl, his trainer, saw him and bought him for two shillings. To-day he commands a large weekly salary. From another point of view he deserves notice, for he has been playing this part for over five years, so that he has a record of some fifteen hundred performances to his credit.

The question of the training of such an animal is one which always interests everyone. There is a widespread belief that it is done by measures which are more or less cruel. Nothing more erroneous could be imagined. "You might train an animal through fear," says Mr. Voehl, "but you would have to be on the stage with it all the time. You could never leave it to perform by itself, for you could never be certain of its doing what it had been taught."

To describe the method of the training by which Dan's education has been brought to its present pitch of excellence would be unfair to its trainer, seeing that there are certain imitators of Dan's act before the public. This much, however, may be said, that his method is more than kindness. It might more aptly be described as bribery and corruption. Whenever Dan and any of his comrades are being taught a new trick, they are coaxed on at every turn with tit-bits of the food they like best.

Besides aptitude for the work, one of the first characteristics of an animal-trainer is patience; perhaps, it should rather be said, the quintessence of patience. An example of this is furnished by one of Dan's colleagues which, dressed as a woman, has just been taught to climb down a ladder from her bedroom window in order to elope with a gay young spark who waits for her outside the house. Six months' incessant work has been required for this, Mr. Voehl beginning by placing the dog's fore-paws over one rung of the ladder and the hind-paws on another. In this way he supported the animal while he fed it with scraps of meat. When the dog grew accustomed to standing in this way, he moved one leg and placed it on the next rung, and in this way, little by little, taught it to descend the ladder step by step, each movement being rewarded by food.

The training of the monkeys is conducted on the same lines. Thus, the monkey which lets down the pail to be filled with beer in the public-house and draws it up full finds at the bottom a little honey and water, of which he is very fond, so that his drinking is quite realistic.

To see Mr. Voehl with his animals in private is to realise at a glance that anything like cruelty is foreign to his nature. The monkeys, for instance, jump on his shoulders, and fondle him almost like children would, and he actually takes a delight in teaching them tricks which they never perform in public but only for his own

pleasure and amusement. Thus, one of the monkeys will carry a stick behind its back, or over its shoulders, or walk with it like a lame man, just as Mr. Voehl tells it to.

In spite of this known kindness, the realism with which Dan performs led to a report being circulated in Sydney, when Mr. Voehl was there a couple of years ago, that he drugged the dog with whisky every night to get the desired effect. Many letters were written on the subject to the Animals Protection Society and the Dogs' Home Society.

They sent representatives to investigate the matter. Several times they saw the performance from the stage as well as the rehearsals of the animals, and as the result of their stringent investigations they presented Mr. Voehl with a medal, appropriately inscribed, "for his humane methods of training animals."

It is hardly necessary to say that no man can go in for animal-training without a special aptitude for the work. Mr. Voehl developed it when he was quite a child living in America, where he was born. Whenever a circus went to the town, he used to carry water for the men who attended to the animals, that he might be with them. Then he ran away with a circus to work among the animals, being especially attracted to the lions, tigers and elephants. In the circus he was taught to be an acrobat, performing on the bars and the trapeze. His ambition, however, was to train the animals and, eventually, he used to put one of the lions through its act. From lion and tiger training, the lad went on to help with the elephants. On one occasion, he gained a dramatic insight into the way an animal-trainer takes his life in his hands at very performance. He was assisting the elephant-trainer, who used to lie on a carpet on the ground and allow the animal to walk over him. At the critical moment, the performer dropped his cane and was unable to touch the elephant on the leg which had to be raised high and placed far to avoid hurting him. Without an instant's hesitation, Mr. Voehl picked up the stick and prodded the elephant in the necessary place. While the huge leg hovered over the performer, he turned to Mr. Voehl and said, "I guess, kid, you saved my life that time." That guess was correct.

Without that prod, the elephant would not have raised its leg, and would have brought its huge foot on the man and crushed his life out.

Eventually, Mr. Voehl left the circus in order to train animals for the music-halls in America, where there was a sudden demand for such acts. As he could not afford to buy big animals,

he got small ones and started in California. Everything was going splendidly, when the earthquake happened and he was ruined. He therefore joined Mr. Barnold, whom he had known for a long time. Some little time ago Mr. Barnold died and Mr. Voehl took over the show, for which he had trained all the animals. Every one of the animals in his show has its understudy; and the principals are often given a rest while the understudy performs.



PRODUCING A NEW PLAY AT BIRMINGHAM, ON OCT. 7: MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE AS SISTER BEATRICE IN MAETERLINCK'S PLAY OF THAT NAME.

Miss Nethersole, who has been away from this country for five years, is to produce a new play by Margaret Dehan, author of "John Ward, Preacher," at Birmingham on Oct. 7. She proposes to play Sister Beatrice in London at Christmas time.—[Photograph by J. and B. Seattle.]



THE SHORT OPERA LEONCAVALLO WROTE SPECIALLY FOR THE LONDON HIPPODROME: "GIPSIES"—THE REVENGE. Leoncavallo, the famous composer of "I Pagliacci" and other works, not only composed "Gipsies" for the London Hippodrome, but came to this country to conduct it in person. Its two scenes are "The Gipsy Encampment" and "On the Plains."—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]



HEATH ROBINSON TRIES PROVERB - POTTING.



A STITCH IN TIME'S WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



## KNOW THY OTHERSELF: THE MAN-MADE MYSTERY OF WOMAN.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

OF course, we feel immensely flattered, amused, and pleased. What woman does not enjoy being regarded as a sphinx, having clever men absorbed in the study of her and confessing themselves unable to read her? That confession is man's latest and most exquisite form of flattery. Now it is Mr. Sutro who makes of woman the elusive problem of the modern playwright; now M. Hugues le Roux who makes of her the picturesque puzzle of the baffled male. To be a problem and a puzzle suggests possessing depth, complexity, subtlety, mystery. If woman could become more vain, this would make her. To have a man so talented as

M. Jules Claretie declare that it is difficult to understand woman's nature is vastly gratifying. Some of us—the brainless ones, perhaps I should say the majority—complacently believe that if man does not understand us it is because we are difficult to understand, but you and I know very well that even when woman is most transparent, man's understanding is limited. It is not because he is not clear-sighted, but because, to look at woman, he places himself at the wrong angle. Instead of thinking of her as a human being

"La Gioconda," "Lady," said he, "do not smile so broadly—no—yes, like this—a little more—now then, perfect! *ne bougeons plus.*" And when the portrait was finished, "Oh, that haunting smile," he said, forgetting he had taught it to her, "what is the secret of those lips?"

Man is made after God's image—woman is made after man's ideal of her. That this ideal is almost invariably morally monstrous and physically unæsthetic is not woman's fault, but bad taste in man. That a woman tortures her feet in shoes too small, and her waist in stays too tight, her hair in iron curlers, does not prove that woman enjoys physical pain, but merely that she yields to man's wrong sense of proportion. She knows that he would not admire her if her waist were in harmony with her shoulders and her hips; she knows he expects her to wear "5's" in shoes, even if she is a majestic and towering Juno; she knows he will neither admire, nor sing of her, nor paint her hair, however beautiful in colour and quality, if it cannot be described as "tendrils curling about her forehead." Woman is not necessarily frivolous because she wants to be attractive at any



TO MARRY COLONEL P. H. ENTHOVEN ON OCT. 3: MISS VAUGHAN.

Colonel Enthoven, of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, was gazetted commander of the Royal Artillery of the Territorials of East Lancashire in August of 1910. He is a military member of the East Lancashire Territorial Force Association.

Photograph by Hoppe.

like himself, a biped like himself, a mannered animal like himself, a lonely egotist (until motherhood intervenes) just like himself, a product of the same century, the same atmosphere, often of the same circumstances that have made him, man has woven out of his prejudices, his selfish fears, his poetic fancies, a veil which is also a net—he threw it over woman and called it womanliness. And he soon forgot that it was he who covered woman and bound her; and, in all sincerity, he will complain: "I cannot see woman, for she hides herself behind a veil, ever changing in aspect, and, whereas I wear my arms in the sight of all, she uses ruse and subterfuge when she deals with me."

He does not realise that woman, being the weaker, is just what he allows her to be. Her very caprices are for his caprice and regulated by it. Never yet has a woman perfectly sensible and rational, either in manner or dress, attracted any man. She needs to be absurd to amuse his fancy, and he assumes that she is absurd by nature. Woman, like all reasoning creatures more or less in bondage, is very diplomatic and malleable—she is what man expects her to be. Men think that when da Vinci painted



STUDYING FOR THE OPERATIC STAGE: MME. RUGAMA.

Mme. Rugama is the daughter of Don Emilio de Ojeda, late Ambassador from Spain to the Vatican. She is studying for the grand opera stage, and will make her debut in the spring.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



PROMOTED TO FLAG RANK: REAR-ADMIRAL H. H. CAMPBELL.

Until last May Admiral Campbell was in command of the "Hindustan," the battleship on which the Prince of Wales served as a midshipman. He then acted as the Prince's governor. The promotion is one of those consequent on Sir Reginald Custance's retirement.

Photograph by Russell.

cost. With her, to please is not only a question of vanity, but the greatest of all questions: "To be or not to be?"—to fulfil her destiny or not. Attract man she must, even to the sacrifice of her mental plenitude or bodily perfection; and, in truth, it would be best there should not be a single beautiful woman rather than a single old maid. Beauty is a gift of the gods—womanhood is the right of every woman. When man speculates about woman he either idealises her or despises her. He makes of her a goddess, and is shocked to discover in his deity the same appetites as he himself has (though she hides them, poor creature, as well as she can); or he makes of her a plaything or a menial, and is surprised to find that she can sometimes rise to his level of thought and action—when he lets her. Women have been called "kittle kine" by men who have in turn spoilt and spurned them. But there are few inconsistent women—there are only men who do not know humanity.

To know woman, it is very simple—man has only to know himself. Neither Guardian Angel is she nor temptress. She is man's other self.



ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH FOR THE CHRISTENING CEREMONY: LORD AND LADY DECIES AND THEIR BABY.

Lord and Lady Decies' baby was christened the other day in Stoke Poges Church, chiefly famous for the fact that its churchyard is that of Gray's "Elegy." Lady Decies, whose marriage took place last year, was known before that event as Miss Vivien Gould, daughter of Mr. George Jay Gould, of New York. Lord Decies, the fifth Baron, won the D.S.O. in 1904 for his excellent work with the Somaliland Field Force. Before that he had served against the Matabele, in 1896; and in South Africa, in 1902.—[Photograph by C.N.]



TUT - TUT - TISHOO !



TOM: 'Ave yer 'eard Bill's landed for three years 'ard?

'ARRY: Wot for?

TOM: Sneezein'.

'ARRY: Sneezein'! Wot yer givin' us?

TOM: Well, 'e was crackin' a crib, an' 'e sneezed an' woke the bloke up.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



### WELLINGTON IN LOVE: THE IRON DUKE DEFEATED BY A WOMAN.\*

**The Ducal Eye.** "Mrs. Lancelot? Oh, yes! Wellington was in love with her, wasn't he?" That is how Mr. Hewlett's heroine will be remembered and spoken of presently, when the newest novel of the moment shall have dulled any poignancy we found in her husband's temperamental troubles, and dimmed the flame of her poet-lover's ecstasy. For Mr. Lancelot was



FORMERLY "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT IN PEKING; NOW POLITICAL ADVISER TO THE CHINESE REPUBLIC: DR. G. E. MORRISON.

"Peking" Morrison, who was married the other day, is to take up his duties as Political Adviser to the Chinese Republic this month. He was born at Geelong, Victoria, Australia, in February 1862.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

terms it, but discloses an occasion shortly after their arrival there which should disarm scandal.

**What Happened in the Oval Room.** It occurred in the beautiful white oval room, panelled with pale blue silk, which the Duke had arranged for her. He had asked her how old she was, and had been told "twenty-five." "Well," said he, "I'm thirty-two more years than that, but I love you like a boy of your own age." And then he took her into his arms. She begged him not to hurt her, and when he reproached himself for being such a brute as to do so, she explained, "You hurt—you were hurting—my thoughts." "Ho! I see," said the Duke, smiling grimly. "The ideal! I had my knife into that, had I?" When presently he had begged her pardon, and "We'll be friends again." "Of course," she answered; and then, by a natural revulsion, jumped into his arms and kissed him. That he received exactly as her grandfather might. And subsequently permitted himself only the rarest lapses from the grace of that charming relation.

**Enter a Poet.** Between two phantoms, a phantom husband absorbed in getting on, and a phantom lover reduced to the privileges of a grandfather, Mrs. Lancelot walked beloved but, notwithstanding her affectionate impulses towards both, unloving. For that there needed "the preposterous young man, the luscious and fervid young poet." "With the form of some sulky young barbarian of old, shockheaded, flushed, broad-shouldered, and of gleaming eyes, with the swift discernment of an eagle and the

ruthless dominion of some king of the forest, with the tongue of an apostle, and the pen of a prophet, and the heart of a child—such was Gervase Poore." "Damme, Sir," the Duke had said to Charles Lancelot, referring to their circle of three, "if two men can't make a woman happy between 'em, they ought to be sent to jail." They failed signally with Mrs. Lancelot. Gervase divined the unhappiness, the need; he leaped to it. He was her poet; his mission to hymn her, bettering Dante thereby; their intercourse was itself a poem. And very soon he was saying, "Fly with me!" He was waiting at the gate, cloaked, and carrying a cloak; an *enlèvement* of the most *chic* description. Mr. Hewlett gets them all to Italy on purpose, the whole ducal party, just that the lovers may have their rightful background of vine-clad slope and olive trees. "They lived out a dream of the Golden Age. . . . They were nymph and faun, the everlasting shepherd and shepherdess, Daphnis and Chloe of old. Bread and milk, cherries and kisses were their food; fern-fronds made their bed; wood-doves called them in the morning."

### The Fight for a Woman's Soul.

"A Comedy of Assumptions" is the author's description of his story. Lancelot's assumption as a husband, hers as his bride, the Duke's in his turn, and surely the cardinal one that of the lover—that the world is not only well lost, but a good riddance. But it is not Gervase Poore, "flaming in his lady's wake like phosphorus of the sea," nor even his lady, tender, conscientious, "thin beyond the point, and exquisitely dressed," that holds the centre of the stage. That place remains for a great personality, trim-whiskered, blue-eyed, armed at all points, guiding his country's chariot from his chair at White's; with whom a woman fought for her soul, and gave him the moment of most absolute defeat he had ever known.



FOR TWO YEARS "PEKING" MORRISON'S SECRETARY IN CHINA; NOW HIS WIFE: MRS. G. E. MORRISON.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Morrison was known as Miss Jennie Wark Robin. She is a New Zealander by birth, and is in the twenties. She has travelled a good deal, and was on a tour in China when she first met Dr. Morrison.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



THE AUTHOR OF "THE NAKED SOUL": MISS LOUISE HEILGERS. Miss Heilgers' new book, "The Naked Soul," is announced by Messrs. Stephen Swift and Co.—[Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.]

"his strength actually to have lain in his want of intelligence. He had a few ideas simply; the rest of England had many ideas diffusely." Yet, "in spite of himself, you may say, love was not unknown to this hard-featured, close-grained, plain-minded man. . . . it is possible, after all, that he had a soul, and that here in the thin hands of a woman it has been casketed against the tooth of time."

\* "Mrs. Lancelot." (A Comedy of Assumptions.) By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan; 6s.)



SECOND THOUGHTS.



CUSTOMER: I want a sha—shilling's worth of hair-pins, please!"

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## A RUSSIAN MIRACLE.

By EDWARD CECIL.

THERE was a crack across the ceiling, like the course of a river traced out on a map. It went from one corner of the room to a point half-way along the cornice of the opposite side wall, and it twisted and bent, this way and that, in just the same way as a river. There were two tributaries on the right bank and one on the left.

Again, it was like a flash of forked lightning. It zig-zagged in much the same way.

Yet again, it was like a pencil-scrrawl made by a very young child on a clean sheet of paper.

After all, it was just a crack in the ceiling, nothing more.

Nevertheless, that crack in the ceiling, which began in the corner and ended right over the framed photograph of the Kremlin in moonlight, served a purpose and a useful one. It helped to save Helena Petrovna's reason.

She lay on her back on the bed, gazing up at the ceiling, quite still, one arm bent across her body, the other motionless beside her. She had lain like this for two hours, without moving. Her wide-open eyes showed that her mind was intensely alive, working busily, tottering, indeed, on the verge of incoherency; but her body seemed numbed, something dead and forgotten by her mind.

And, every now and again, when the cruelty of what had happened was concentrated in a vision of gigantic, massive and unmovable iron doors, against which she might beat her hands till the flesh was worn away from them, and the bones splintered, that crack in the ceiling at which she gazed won through to her brain-centres and suggested the river, or the flash of lightning, or the child's scrawl, and instead of a moan of anguish or a burst of wild laughter breaking the silence of the room there was, perhaps, just the whisper of a sigh or a long in-drawn breath as her mind swung back to ordinary things and kept its balance.

Four hours ago, Helena Petrovna had been engaged in the ordinary duties of her life as a wife and a mother.

Her husband had been late coming in from his rounds, but she had merely thought that one of his cases had detained him. She had superintended the children's going to bed, without a thought of anxiety about her husband.

She saw her three children drop off to sleep, Stephen, then Ivan, then the little girl Elizabeth. Just as the youngest child's eyes closed, the nurse came up to her as she sat by the child's cot and put a note into her hand.

She read it, at first with casual interest, thinking it only a note from a friend.

But instead of beginning, "Dear Helena," it began, "My dear friend."

"I do not know how to tell you, but sooner or later you must know," it ran. "I have just heard that Dr. Romodin has been arrested. You may not hear at once. People may be afraid to tell you and you may thus lose precious time."

Such had been the announcement of Helena's doom and the manner and time of its coming.

Immediately she had gone out to the Police Station, only to receive confirmation of her fears.

"Yes, Dr. Romodin has been arrested," a bearded and spectacled official told her. "No, you cannot see him. He is not here. That is all I can tell you, Mme. Romodin."

Her heart was cold and heavy as she came away. On reaching home she had gone straight up to bed, had undressed mechanically and had slipped between the bed-clothes, without switching off the electric light.

Up to that night her life had been unusually happy. Paul Romodin was not only a clever doctor, but also a devoted husband and father. There had been no coolness after marriage. Rather had the bond of their love grown stronger. With everything before them, passionately attached to one another, with three happy and healthy children, with a circle of friends who admired them and envied them, it had seemed as if in Russia a great miracle had been accomplished and there were two happy people living happily together.

But suddenly Russia had proved herself to be Russia, and

Helena Petrovna Romodin lay alone there, gazing up at the ceiling of her bedroom, remembering that, after all, she was a Russian who had dared to be happy.

"I might have known," she reflected.

And she saw on the ceiling the iron doors against which she might beat for ever vainly.

Then the crack in the ceiling became a river, and the river changed into the zig-zag of a flash of lightning, and that became, in its turn, the pencil-scrrawl of a child across a clean sheet of paper.

In a rickety railway carriage, moving at a dangerous speed along a badly laid permanent-way, sat three men.

The man who sat between the other two was of early middle-age. He had keen eyes, a good forehead, and a firm mouth. He had spent the last half-hour thinking, till he could think no longer. He had plenty to think about, since he was face to face with a blank wall in which, so far as he could see, there was no door of escape. Twenty-four hours ago he had been a man who possessed the two best things which a good and clever man can possess—happiness with wife and children and good prospects in the work to which he had chosen to give his life. Now he did not possess either. He had been caught in the grip of an iron and remorseless hand which was not only cruel, but also stupid. Cruelty you can fight, but against crass stupidity, with Power behind it, it is impossible to battle. And Romodin was thinking that the action of the Executive in snuffing him out was not only cruel, but crassly stupid. He had done nothing dangerous to the established order, bad and rotten though it might be. He was sufficiently prosperous to be harmless.

Romodin had got thus far, and was beginning to think again of details of his plain, ordinary but priceless human happiness which had been wrecked, when he broke the silence by speaking.

"I suppose," he said, "it is permitted to smoke?"

"Yes," said the man on his right, with a cunning and unpleasant smile, "it is permitted for three to smoke, but not for one."

Romodin gave a cigarette to each of his companions and then lighted one himself.

He drew in the smoke and slowly emitted it.

"Is it also permitted to ask where I am being taken?"

"Certainly," said the man on his left, who was more educated than the other, "it is quite permitted. You are being taken to the place where it is most convenient to hold your trial."

"Then I am being given a trial?"

"Assuredly. All who are arrested are given a trial."

"When it is convenient."

"Yes, Monsieur, when it is convenient."

Romodin slightly raised his eyebrows. He understood perfectly.

"You think, Sir," he said pleasantly, "that a man in my position ought to look at things philosophically?"

"I don't think it matters how you look at it," said the man on his right, brutally. "It will always remain the same thing."

"No," said the man on the left, "look at the same thing differently and it becomes a different thing."

"The plain truth of the matter," said Romodin, "is this—you think I am in for a good long spell of inactivity?"

Both nodded.

"You see," said the more educated of the two guards, "it is not wise to think too much or to be too clever. Neither is it wise to speculate on what may or may not happen. Take what comes."

"So you are what you wish me to be—a philosopher?"

"It is the best thing."

"No," said Romodin sharply. "It is not the best thing—the best thing is to try and make the future better than the present."

"Say that at your trial and see what you get for saying it."

"I shall not say anything at my trial except that I have done

*Continued overleaf.*



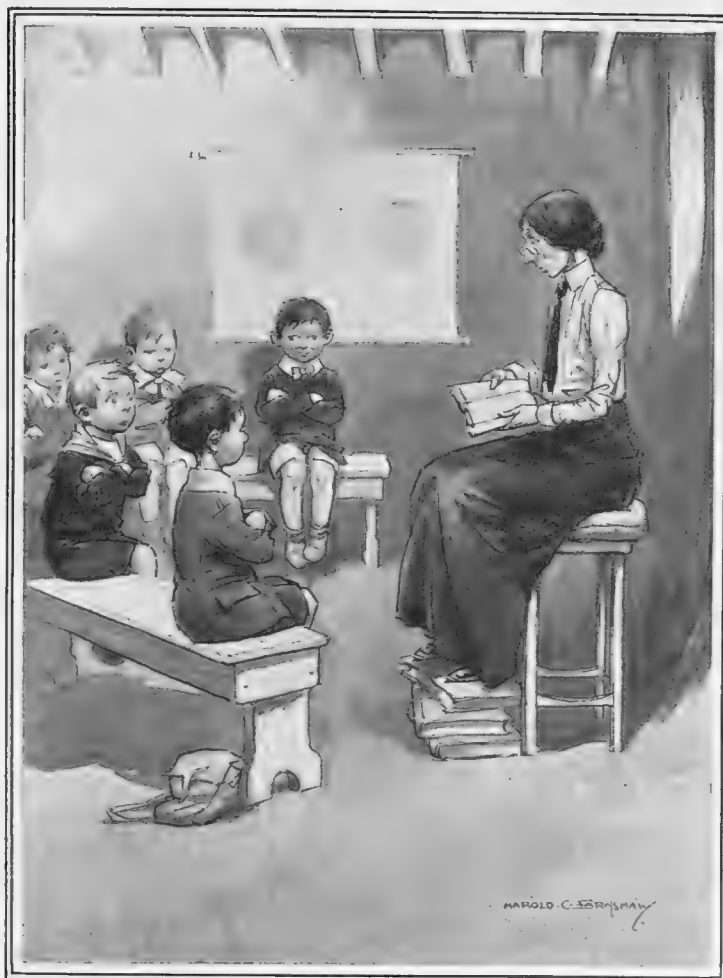
PLUMS OF HUMOUR.



FRIEND ON PAVEMENT: 'Ulllo! jimmy, where are you off to in such a hurry?

JIMMY: I dunno. Better ask the dog!

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.



TEACHER (reading aloud): "And then the knight's heart was filled with joy, for he saw by the wayside a beautiful damsel——" Now you all know what a damsel is, don't you?

WILLY HODGE: Yes, Teacher—a small plum!

DRAWN BY HAROLD C. EARNSHAW.



GOSSIP (to fellow gossips, alluding to passing couple): 'Wot! Ain't there no law against cradle-snatchin'?

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

nothing for which I ought to be tried. I shall not make things worse than they are."

There followed a silence.

"I suppose, Monsieur," said the more intelligent of the two guards, after a pause, "you love Russia? You of the Revolution have the best of motives."

"I am not of the Revolution, as you put it," said Romodin.

"At any rate, it is thought that you are."

"But, curiously enough, I am not. I am just a plain doctor. I spend my time going about doing my work. I may sympathise. But I take no part."

"Do you know those who do?"

"Yes, I know several."

"A man is known by his friends, Monsieur. Maybe you help your friends. Maybe your roof has sheltered men who at any time might throw a bomb."

And suddenly Romodin remembered Spurgin. That was the grotesque thing about his arrest which he afterwards remembered as most curious. He never realised why he had been arrested for many hours after the arrest. But directly he remembered Spurgin, he understood at once. Not only did he understand the reason of his arrest, he also realised that it would be difficult to protest his perfect innocence. A short time before Spurgin had slept several nights at his house. He was an old friend. The night before his departure he had said that on the next day he was going to Odessa. He had refused to say why he was going. And now Romodin thought he understood.

"Has anything happened at Odessa?" he asked, with a foolish lack of caution.

"Only a bomb has been thrown—very successfully."

"Do you know by whom?"

"By a man named Spurgin."

The unintelligent-looking guard leered.

"So you did know something about what was going to happen at Odessa," he said.

And Romodin saw that he had, quite innocently, put himself in a most dangerous position. The man who had sheltered a successful bomb-thrower as an honoured guest in his house for a week before, even on the very night before departing for his successful bomb-throwing, might well find it difficult to explain that he had no knowledge of it.

As he sat there in the railway carriage he knew he was already condemned. Sentence first and trial afterwards is an absurdity quite seriously accepted as a useful method of procedure in Russia.

And, as if to make the deadly certainty quite sure of fruition, he had made that unfortunate remark about Odessa.

When, if ever, would he see his wife and children again?

The heavy-faced, stupid-looking guard was calling first on one Saint, then upon another. After exhausting his knowledge of hagiology, he began calling, in his agony, on his Little Father the Czar. The other guard was nursing a broken leg, tight-lipped, white-faced and silent.

Romodin had taken off his shirt and was rapidly tearing it into strips for bandages. Thirty yards away the wreckage of the train had caught fire, and the fire was quickly approaching the point where the Saints-implored sufferer was pinned down beneath the wreckage. Romodin saw that the fire would reach him more quickly than the help of the Saints, and at the same time the wretched man looked up, saw the same danger, and screamed.

"Be quiet," said Romodin sharply. "I will save you if I can."

The man from that moment forgot the Saints and his Little Father the Czar, and addressed himself, minute by minute, with the regularity of a tolling bell, to the clemency of Romodin, who was now roughly setting the other guard's broken leg and fighting against the temptation which lay behind the knowledge that the man who had seen the meaning to be found in his incautious question about Odessa had only to be left to his fate to be silenced for ever.

A few minutes later he had released the helpless man and was giving first-aid to his injuries.

After a time, when everything that could be done for them had been done, Romodin went to the help of others of the injured.

The scene was appalling. With that carelessness which only a neglected and fear-ridden country knows, a few heavy trucks had been left on the line just beyond a sharp curve. It had been nobody's business to remove them. After the last train of the previous day had passed through they had been put there and forgotten. Into them the first train of the next day, going at top speed down an incline, had crashed. The rickety carriages had telescoped, the back part of the train had toppled over from the embankment, and the wreckage had caught fire. To add to the tragedy which had followed a piece of gross stupidity, there was now chaos.

When a train came up from the South to give relief at the scene of the accident, it brought with it two officials whose business was to enquire as to the fate of the dangerous Revolutionary Romodin. That was the description given of the harmless general practitioner, Paul Romodin, in the official circles at Odessa anxious to receive him.

They began to walk along the wreckage, obviously officials in a country where officials are always recognisable and where, as everyone knows, it is so desirable to be an official that a large

number are kept so as to keep pace with a natural desire. Quite clearly, also, it is useful for officials that the class should be as large as possible. The more there are the more powerful the class.

These two men, pompous in the midst of suffering, and instinct with a sense of the paramount importance of the smallest detail of official business above any question of human misery, however great, came upon Romodin working frantically to save life.

They stopped and watched him. He was a doctor, evidently, and it might be presumed that he had moved about amongst those victims of the accident. He might be able to give information. One of them touched him on the shoulder.

"We are looking for a prisoner in charge of two guards. He is a dangerous Revolutionary named Romodin."

Romodin looked up quickly.

"It is not my business to know a dangerous Revolutionary when I see one," he said sharply. "To me a broken leg is a broken leg, whether it be an official's or a bomb-thrower's."

"That, Sir, is doubtless true. But it does not help us."

"Well, I cannot help you," said Romodin. "I am attending to this smashed thigh."

Then, as the two great men moved away, it occurred to him that in a few moments they would come upon his two guards. He would then be pointed out. After all, those two men owed something to him.

"Stop," he said. "I think I have attended the two guards. If you will wait a moment till I've tied this vein, I will take you to where they lie."

The two officials turned. The senior of the two bowed.

"We should be much indebted to you," he said gravely.

A moment or two later Romodin presented them to the two helpless guards.

"These two gentlemen," he said, "are seeking you. Or, rather, they are seeking a dangerous Revolutionary named Romodin. I rather fancy that the man in your charge died horribly in that burnt wreckage there, under which he was imprisoned."

The stupid-looking guard, who knew what imprisonment was like under that wreckage, now consumed to charred wood and ashes, stared into Romodin's face. He opened his mouth, but he did not speak.

Then the other guard said, easily and naturally—

"Yes! That is quite right. It was horrible to see. The Revolutionary Romodin died there. We were helpless, we could not rescue him."

In Russia there is a person almost as important as an official—that is, a political prisoner, until he is safely disposed of.

"That is a matter for much regret," said the senior official.

"An anticipation of Justice," remarked his junior colleague.

"But something which could not be helped," said the stupid-looking guard, gazing at the mass of charred and blackened wreckage out of which, in the very nick of time, he had been extricated.

And Romodin listened.

He drew in the first breath of freedom.

Officially, from that moment, he was dead, but for all that was worth having in life—wife, children, and work, he had risen again to life.

And in the hearts of those two broken and injured men there was something which is to be found in Russia just as much as anywhere else—Gratitude.

Quietly, with a dull ache in her heart, but bravely and systematically, for the sake of her children, Helena Petrovna Romodin set herself to the task of living.

Four days had passed, four days of twenty-four long, slow hours. Once, with the aid of a sleeping draught, she had dropped into deep and heavy slumber, but at night she could not sleep. She lay on her bed, with the light on, thinking, and gazing up at the crack in the ceiling.

She was lying thus in the silent room in the midst of the silent house, when she heard from the back of the house the sound of a knock, sharp and distinct, but not over-loud, and, after an interval, twice repeated. Her heart almost stopped. She knew at once what that knock meant. Someone was trying to rouse the house secretly. There was news for her, perhaps good, perhaps bad, but news. She slipped quickly out of bed.

A minute later and she had admitted a man into the kitchen of the house, a man she did not know.

"You have a message for me?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

He took off his hat and she saw her husband.

"Paul! You have escaped?"

"Not in the ordinary sense. I am here, free, by a miracle. Officially, I am dead."

And he explained the miracle, so far as any miracle can be explained.

To-day there doubtless lies in some pigeon-hole somewhere in Russia, the record of a man—Paul Romodin—officially dead—and there lives, with wife and children in England, a man—the same Paul Romodin—happily alive.

THE END.





# ON THE LINKS

## EXPERIMENTS IN HEAT AND LIGHT: THE BRITISH GOLFER IN AMERICA.

### American Difficulties.

three down at the turn. This was in no championship competition or anything of that kind, but it was a very great event for the far-travelled and much-puzzled Englishman for all that, and it gave him a very great measure of delight. It is not by any means an easy thing for the Britisher to come to the States and beat an American of, approximately, equal skill, even after he has been three weeks in the country.

Apart from a certain difficulty that change of environment, food, ways of life and all that kind of thing creates, the European visitor finds three things that are definitely and severely against him. In the first place, there is the heat. It is generally very warm in September in the Western parts of golfing America, where I am now; but this season it has been most abnormally hot. Day after day the thermometer has indicated either a degree or two under the century, or a little over it. On the day of my initial triumph, there were ninety-seven degrees in the shade registered. Even my most excellent American friends admitted that this was "warm some," and that they did not altogether like it. This "blazing" golf makes an exceedingly difficult proposition.

### Loose Limbs and Tricky Light.

Next there is the trouble created with the human golfing mechanism by playing in a very minimum of clothing, without jacket or vest and with one's shirt-sleeves rolled up. It takes a long time to become accustomed to playing the game with so much freedom of movement, but it has got to be done. To play in a jacket on days such as we have had lately would be enough to kill anyone. It is all very well for such as Messrs. Hilton and Norman Hunter to attempt to win the American Championship in a temperature of nearly a hundred when attired in full golfing toggery, as they would be at home; but I am sure that the next Englishman who wins this championship under such conditions will do it in his shirt-sleeves. It cannot be done in any other way. And the third thing against us is the difference in the light—which makes it very difficult to sight the ball properly when making the stroke. All who have golfed in the South of France in the winter time have encountered this same difficulty, but it is very much greater here in America than it is down there. For the first two or three days on the Riviera the man from London, or elsewhere in our country, can do

CHICAGO.

I feel even better towards American golf than I have done hitherto, for I have won my first match on American soil, and did it after being

nothing but top his ball; and all his judgment of distances is wrong. Here one may top steadily for a fortnight, and not half-top, either, but hit the ball so high up as nearly to miss it, and to be in constant fear of doing so. The ball is farther

away from your eye than you think it is, and even when you begin to make allowances, you dare not make them sufficiently, and are liable to go wrong all the time in your calculations. This light-difficulty is never to be overcome by deliberate reckoning in this way. The only thing to do is to play and play, and top and top, and fizzle and fizzle until the eye gets properly trained to the circumstances and the trouble straightens itself out.

**Beauty of Courses.** But when once you get into the way of American golf you like it immensely. It is more thoroughly good than anyone who has not tried it can imagine. I do not hesitate to say that the average quality of the best inland courses in the States, judging by what I have seen of them so far, is above that of the inland courses at home. The clubs are wealthier, and the zeal of the executives in perfecting the courses is wonderful and admirable. Their neatness and smoothness and general excellence are surprising. Nowhere in the world are there better putting greens, and the approaches are generally most thoughtfully devised. Their two chief faults are the frequent coarseness of the turf on the fairway (but I am assured that this is not the case everywhere), and the easiness of the task that is set the player on the tee. Anything like a long carry is seldom presented, and there is such an open prairie to drive at that the man may make his tee shot with almost anything. A great reform in this respect, however, is likely to take place on several courses in the very near future, and there is talk of bringing over some of the best British golf-course architects to accomplish it. For the most part the courses are beautifully situated. The average man who has not been to golfing America imagines them to be laid out on some kind of a burnt-up plain. Instead of that, they are situated in some of the most beautiful spots that the game has ever been played upon, as green as anything has

ever been, with pleasing rises and falls of the land, pulsing streams running through, and masses of trees round about. Most generally the tees and putting greens are made in pretty, shady corners. I have been golfing to-day on one of the prettiest courses I



GOLF NEAR RANGOON: THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE NEW MINGALODON COURSE, FROM THE NORTH, WITH OTHER BUILDINGS.

A feature of the Rangoon Golf Club's new course, recently laid out at Mingalodon, some thirteen miles from Rangoon, is the provision of sleeping quarters for members. There is accommodation, at a pinch, for as many as thirty-eight.



WINNER OF THE KING WILLIAM IV. MEDAL AT ST. ANDREWS: MR. H. E. TAYLOR.

At the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club at St. Andrews on Sept. 25, Mr. H. E. Taylor, who was in excellent form, won the King William IV. medal with a score of 76. Seven players tied for the second prize with 81. Mr. Taylor, who is a well-known member of the Richmond, Sunningdale, and Mid-Surrey Clubs, was runner-up in the Amateur Championship of 1908.

Photograph by Sport and General.



ON A COURSE WHERE ONE HOPES TO SAY "PYE LAIK TA," RATHER THAN "MA PYE BU": THE SHORT 15TH HOLE ON THE MINGALODON LINKS.

The 15th hole is a short one, requiring a mashie stroke across bends of a stream. In a vocabulary of golfing phrases, chiefly for use in talking to caddies, printed by the Rangoon Golf Club, occur the following remarks—"That is a good drive—Pye laik ta (with enthusiasm). That is a bad drive—Ma pye bu."

have ever seen in my life. I have been trying to think of an English inland course that is better in this respect, and I cannot. I will tell you more of it another time.

HENRY LEACH.

# DRAKE AND GABY "DOING IT": REVUE-ING THINGS AT THE EMPIRE.



1. AS GABY DESLYS AND HER DANCING-PARTNER: MISS IDA CRISPI AND MR. ROBERT HALE.

2. GABY TEACHING DRAKE HER GLIDE: MISS IDA CRISPI AND MR. ROBERT HALE.

3. MISS IDA CRISPI AS MLE. GABY DESLYS.

4. MR. ROBERT HALE AS THE GHOST OF DRAKE.

Here are two new items in that merry and bright revue, "Everybody's Doing It," which is so great an attraction at the Empire.

*Photographs by Bassano.*





## TWO FAMOUS CARS AND SOME CAR PROBLEMS: TAXES, "TOURING," AND HOTELS.

The 1913, 45-h.p.  
Six-Cylinder  
Napier.

Seeing that the 45-h.p. six-cylinder Napier continues more than to hold its own as one of the most popular powerful cars of the day, I am assured that my readers will be interested in the improvements which will distinguish this chassis for the next season. The main characteristics of the 1912 model will be retained, changes only being made where real improvement can be effected with advantage, simplicity, and a gain of efficiency. In the 1913 model the steering column will be rakeable to suit the requirements of tall or short drivers, whether the chassis is to carry a low, open torpedo or a closed body. The wheel base has been increased by four inches, so affording opportunity to keep the load inside the wheel base, an extremely desirable point. The lubrication system remains the same, save that the 1913 sump is now in aluminium in lieu of steel, and an oil-level cock is provided thereto. Two independent ignitions are provided: Bosch Magneto, the "Z" enclosed pattern, and the well-tried Napier synchronised system. These can be used separately or in combination. In every way and detail the 45-h.p. six-cylinder Napier may be regarded as the last word to date in British automobile engineering.

Car Taxes as  
Before.

Ah, ha, we breathe again! that is, if a Government for the first time on record will pay any regard to the opinions and views of a Committee by it appointed. The Committee formed to consider the provisional regulations made under Section 86 (2) of the Finance Act (1909-10) have issued their Report, and after citing some interesting recommendations with regard to that much-vexed and much-discussed question of horse-power, they practically leave things, or suggest that things shall be left as they are, with regard to the computation of the tax payable on pleasure-cars. That is to say, we shall continue to square the diameter of the cylinder in inches, multiply that by the number of cylinders and divide by two-and-a-half. I cannot say at the moment whether the little world of steam motorists are satisfied. In their case a horse-power is accounted for every three square feet of effective heating surface, with a special distinction between boilers with horizontal and boilers with vertical tubes. It is further proposed that motor-cycles should be taxed according to horse-power, just as cars, and that a new class to include cars of less than five horse-power should be instituted.

What is a  
Touring Car?

Certain interested folk are just now very much exercised as to what should be the proper definition of a touring body, when it is specified in competition regulations that a certain contest is to be confined to touring cars. There should be ample seating accommodation for four passengers of average proportions,

also ample leg room, both in front and rear, and the sides of the car should be of reasonable height. An efficient screen and Cape-cart hood should also appear, while for hill-climbs particularly I would insist on the carriage of all reasonable spares and tools. I mean the equipment without which no sane motorist would start for a thousand miles or so on the Continent. This would prompt accessory makers and body-builders to make an effort to reduce the clumsiness and weight of much of the necessary impedimenta now lumbered on to cars regardless.

Why Not gar.  
grat. chez nous?

Consultation of the French Guide Michelin will show that, with very few exceptions, the words "garage grat.," meaning, of course, free garage, appear amongst the particulars given of each hotel. It is quite the reverse in this country, where charges of 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. are frequently imposed for the shelter of the car that has brought custom to the house. For, be it remembered, it is "shelter" only. Even in these days of the twentieth century the hosts of provincial hotels cannot forget that for the bestowal of a horse and vehicle they could charge quite a nice little fee, but they forget altogether the provision that had to be made for the animal, and the work entailed by its presence in the stable. Beyond some sort of yardkeeper to indicate where a car should be placed, no further attention is required by the motorist, and this having been realised by the French hostellers, no charge for garage is made. But on this

side not only are charges made for night garage, but in some cases a fee of 6d. and 1s. is demanded for the car standing while its owner is lunching within the hotel.

## More Honours for the Sunbeam.

The Sunbeam car has not allowed the sun to go down on its Grand Prix glory. No fault could have been found with the directorate of the Wolverhampton firm if, after their scintillating performance on the Circuit de Dieppe, they had elected to rest contented on their well-earned laurels. But no, they, or the god in the machine who bears a Gallic patronymic, evidently sigh for fresh worlds to conquer, and by pertinacity and pluck they have conquered them to the extent of the Twelve-Hours and the One Thousand Miles records. The full distance for the day was 910 miles 1738 yards, an average speed of 75.92 miles per hour being maintained. The previous best was the old 30-horse-power six-cylinder Sunbeam record of 907 miles 1535 yards—but the new Sunbeam car was a 15.9 horse-power. The 1000 miles record in the name of the Napier and Mr. S. F. Edge, and made in the never yet equalled twenty four-hours' drive, was

beaten by 1 hr. 45 min. 50 2-5 sec.; but it should be borne in mind that Edge drove all the way single-handed and continued until the close of the twenty-four hours, while the Sunbeam car was driven alternately by Messrs. Resta and Crossman in one-and-a-half-hour spells.

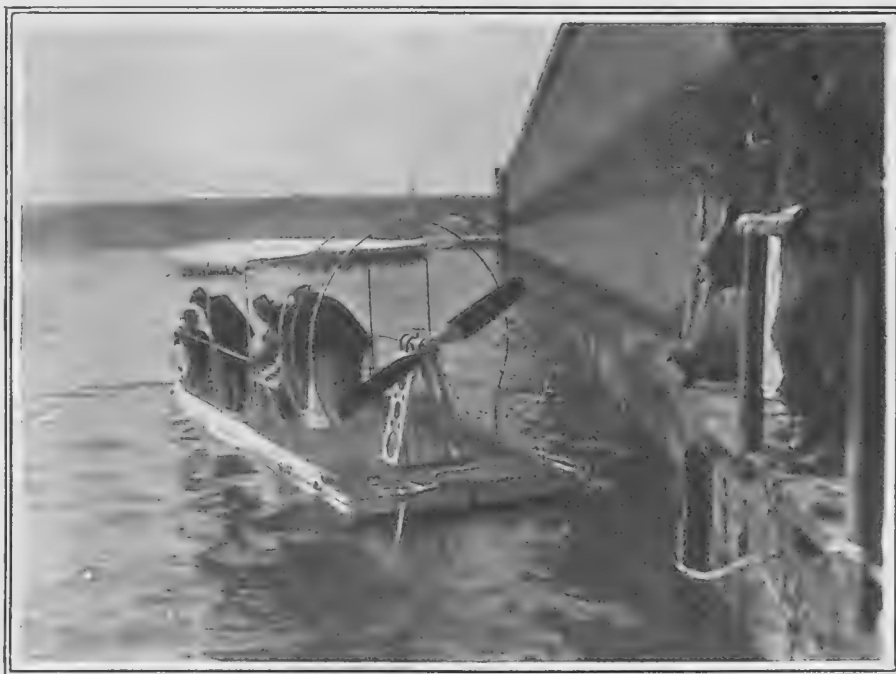
[Continued on a later page.]



LIKE A MINER ON RESCUE-WORK DUTY: M. LEGAGNEUX, MAKER OF THE RECORD ALTITUDE FLIGHT, WEARING HIS OXYGEN APPARATUS.

The French airman M. Legagneux recently beat the world's record for altitude by rising to a height of 3½ miles (17,160 ft.) over Versailles. At a height of about 15,600 ft. he had to have recourse to oxygen.

[Photograph by Sport and General.]



DRIVEN BY AN AIR-PROPELLER: A NEW GLIDER FOR RIVER USE.

The use of an air-propeller similar to that of an aeroplane has already been tried on motor-cars. Our photograph shows its possibilities as a driving force for boats. [Photograph by M. Branger.]

## GUARDIANS OF THE GREAT: THE INVISIBLE ESCORT THAT VEXES PUBLIC MEN.



THE KING'S NEW PROPERTY, WHICH BRINGS AN ANNUAL TRIBUTE OF SIX FAT TURKEYS; SHERNBOURNE HALL FARM, SANDRINGHAM.

The King has just bought from the Master and Fellows of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, for, it is said, about £12,000, the Shernbourne Hall Farm, near Sandringham, an estate containing from six to seven hundred acres. A clause in the agreement provides that the tenant (at present Mr. C. R. Bullard) shall send each year to the landlord six fat turkeys.—[Photograph by Topical.]

THE precautions taken to safeguard Lord Kitchener while on his return to Egypt within the past few days have been described as unusual. Possibly if inquiry were made in the right quarter it would be found that, not the precautions, but the discovery of their existence, constituted the "unusual." There is more shepherding and shadowing of our notabilities than is known to most of us. Everyone is aware that members of the Royal Family, whether at home or abroad, are guarded night and day, but during the last year or so an unobtrusive protection has been extended both to most members of the Government and to Imperial figures such as Lord Kitchener. It is, doubtless, quite true that Lord Kitchener kicks against his civil guard; they all do. They have to be guarded in spite of themselves. It is not for our warrior-pro-consul to say that he will not be guarded; he is a great State institution so long as he continues in harness, and must be protected, like the Bank of England and the Crown Regalia. None of us forgets that the breed of fanatics is not extinct. There are three misguided sons of Egypt undergoing imprisonment at this moment for complicity in a plot against Lord Kitchener's life; and it was but three years ago that, at a reception at the Imperial Institute, the mad Indian, Dhangra, discharged his infamous mission at the cost of life precious to the Empire. If he frets under benevolent surveillance, Lord Kitchener is in good company. All the Cabinet in England is now guarded night and day as if each were a Tsar of Russia. Our bill for secret police work is heavier to-day than it has been since Fenianism was rampant. And the irony of it is that women make necessary much of the expenditure.

### The Russian Police and Their Ways.

When our notabilities visit the Continent, they are still under the closest supervision. Scotland Yard has no secrets from Paris, and Berlin and St. Petersburg exchange confidences with London and New York. We all wondered, perhaps, how it was that when a certain dangerous Anarchist suddenly quitted his quarters in America the other year his house was raided and found to be a bomb factory, and that the police were ready for him when he landed in Hamburg with a plot against the Emperor William up his sleeve. It was at St. Petersburg that the counter-move was set on foot,

and the fact came out quite unexpectedly in a totally different connection. When the book robbery at the Astor library in New York was being investigated, the chief witness for the prosecution was a Russian spy. It was shown that the Russian Government maintains secret agents in all the important libraries in America, to watch the persons who call for books relating to Anarchy. But the best of guardians themselves need protection, and the chief detective of Warsaw has told us how it is done. When he had received his fiftieth Terrorist sentence of death he confided his secret to a friend. His protector is—a tame Anarchist. This youth was implicated in an Anarchist murder. At the eleventh hour he was provisionally pardoned, on the understanding that his life should be secure so long as his chief lives, but that he dies if the latter comes to a violent end.

### When Lord Gladstone was a Footman.

In England we do not stick our sleuths into regulation blue and big boots to advertise their vocation. The excessively numerous corps of gardeners meandering about the grounds of Lord Morley's house at Wimbledon three years ago, after the murder of Sir Curzon Wyllie, were in reality emissaries of Scotland Yard, just as were the caddies with enormous bulging pockets who used restlessly to accompany Mr. Balfour over the links in Ireland during his perilous Chief Secretariat. Every "caddy" was a heavily armed secret police officer. And the night that Lord Aberdeen acted as coachman, and the present Lord Gladstone as footman, to the G.O.M. on the latter's drive from Hawarden to Soughton, they were the private detectives, than whom Gladstone would have no other, though a straight "tip" had gone down from the Home Office that an attempt was to be made to assassinate him in connection with the death of O'Donnell, executed that day for the murder of Carey, the informer.

### Unguarded Moments.

Defiance of precautions has more than once produced safety. Lord Morley dodged his guards in Ireland, and thus escaped snares. So did W. E. Forster, who once, giving the detectives the slip, took the only route for which his would-be assassins were not prepared. And Gladstone, walking home by an unusual way from Carlton House Terrace, missed Townsend when the latter lay waiting ready to fire the pistol at him found in his possession by the officer who was out to see the statesman to his home by the accustomed path.



FOR CENTURIES THE MAÑOR OF THE SHERNBOURNE FAMILY: THE ORIGINAL CHIMNEY STACK OF THE OLD HALL.

Shernbourne Hall farmhouse is a fine old Tudor mansion, formerly the residence of the Shernbournes, who were lords of the manor for six centuries. The last member of the family, Francis Shernbourne, bequeathed the estate to Emmanuel College on his death in 1654.

Photograph by Topical.



A RELIC OF TUDOR DAYS ON THE KING'S NEW ESTATE: PART OF THE ANCIENT MOAT AT SHERNBOURNE HALL FARM.

The house, which has castellated walls, was at one time entirely surrounded by a moat. Part of this still remains, but the rest has been filled in. The King now owns the whole of Shernbourne parish. The property just added to the Sandringham estate provides some first-rate shooting.—[Photograph by Topical.]





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### Snatching a Summer at Last.

From the window where I write, the incomparable South Downs, with their round smoothness, their adorable clefts and hollows, grey-shadowed, and their trimmings of larch and gorse, rise up, sheer, in front of me. The garden below is a riot of colour, for the flowers

have now picked up heart, and are making, like any fine lady, their great display of the summer. The autumn sunshine gilds these trim parterres and upstanding herbaceous borders into masses of brilliant enamel; the grass walks and lawns are of an astonishing emerald green. Though the swallows have already set off on their long journey South, there is a belated butterfly on the window-sill, and last night someone came down late for dinner with a tale of a mortal conflict with a bumble-bee. So, here in the South of England, we are permitted to enjoy a brief flash of summer. We shall not have to go into winter quarters, to face the long, dark, grey months, without having at least had half-a-dozen whole sunny days. It is true that the radiant sunshine out of doors is mitigated by a sprightly, keen-edged wind, and that you will be well-advised not to venture out without prosaic wrappings for your chest. But, at any rate, we have, if only for a few hours, the happy illusion of summer, something which reminds me of radiant days, facing the same South Downs, when we had our first flash of summer, last April.

### Why Not a Popular Opera House?

Among music-makers and critics the question of opera in England is always being hotly discussed, yet somehow, when opera is presented to it, the great English public seems to remain untouched. Every enterprise but that of Covent Garden—

and can no longer be classed and ticketed like the characters in old Italian comedy. Actors, for instance, are rarely the vain, egotistical mountebanks such as Dickens synthesised in Mr. Vincent Crummles. The actor may have a passion for aviation, or a decided taste for municipal work on the London County Council. He may be a man of wide reading, an expert cricketer, or a first-rate shot. Always he has other interests than those behind the footlights. Again, the painter and the poet no longer dress for the part, but cut their hair short, wear clothes from Savile Row, and generally behave like other citizens. But the most surprising change of all is in the modern man of science. It used to be held that a knowledge of conchology or familiarity with geographical strata at once made a young man socially "impossible." If he were known to be occupied with the manners and morals of beetles he was properly the butt of every fool. Yet, nowadays, one has the most exhilarating surprises when meeting the newest products of the scientific schools. Only the other day, I met a youthful and erudite professor—I fancy the lower crustaceans were his specialty—who was also a keen artilleryman, and spent most of his leisure on a fort in one of our great estuaries.

### Mystifications.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett calls his latest novel "a comedy of assumptions," and it must be admitted that it bears an extraordinary likeness to Life, inasmuch as we are all apt to proceed upon what we assume rather than what we know. Perhaps much of the charm of existence—as well as its mystery—lies in the fact that we seldom really know the truth about anybody. Legends are created about prominent personages and help to trick out a "character," but such legends are usually pure inventions. Other and humbler folk, anxious to be talked about, invent data about themselves which are still more fictitious. In a hurried age, in which reputations are made, destroyed, and forgotten with incredible rapidity, egotistical persons are always desperately anxious, like the young gentleman in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's comedy, to "stamp themselves upon their age." No one has the time to inquire into their pretensions, and so the tragic-comedy of assumptions goes on. The Charles Lancelot of Mr. Hewlett's entertaining story is a very modern type, but probably he has always existed, and is ever doomed to splendid mediocrity.

### THE GOLF GIRL: A NEAT COSTUME FOR THE COUNTRY.

Mr. Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, W.

which has the advantage of the hall-mark of Royalty and Fashion—seems foredoomed to failure. One of the reasons for these repeated catastrophes is that the public is a great deal more intelligent and cultivated than impresarios give them credit for. As a matter of fact, the people who will take the trouble to go to the opera and pay the inevitable prices want to hear something new, or something first-rate of its kind. But, nowadays, with the development of the vast music-hall, moderate prices must prevail. It is certain that large audiences could be attracted, not only in London, but in Leeds, Liverpool, and Manchester, to performances of "The Ring," and other operas of Wagner, together with works by the modern German, French, and Italian school, at cheap prices. What the public emphatically does not want are endless repetitions of threadbare, second-rate operas which exhausted their possibilities during the last century, and which only afford prime-donne and tenors opportunity for displaying a tiresome kind of skill. Good voices we have in plenty, and, with proper training, we should be able to achieve something similar to the performances of the Opéra Comique in Paris.

### The New Scientist.

With a swiftly changing world, we must be continually revising our theories about facts and about people. We are constantly finding that the old *clichés* and labels no longer apply to modern conditions and complex humanity. Many folks assume, somewhat hastily, that it is only Woman who has changed so much during the last decade or so. It is true that the modern girl, in all Western countries, has evolved into well-nigh a different personality from that of her mother; but the modern young man, on his part, is also different,



NOW THAT AUTUMN IS AT HAND: SMART FURS.  
Messrs. Harrods, Brompton Road, S.W.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH", CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 9.*

## THE CHINESE LOAN.

THE interest aroused by the issue of the new Chinese Loan last week was greatly increased by the action of the Foreign Office in making, at the last moment, a formal protest to the Chinese Government through Sir John Jordan.

The whole thing was managed in a very curious way, according to Mr. Crisp's account; so much so, in fact, that it makes one wonder whether the opposition is not more apparent than real. The other members of the six-Power group naturally object to a loan being raised in this country in which they have no part, and Sir Edward Grey was, therefore, more or less bound to make some sort of protest, but if it had been wished to make it effective, it was quite unnecessary to leave it until the last moment. It is clear that the Foreign Office knew what was going on more than a month ago, and yet the underwriting was all done and the loan therefore practically completed before the Government made its formal protest. It was rather rough on the underwriters, but they do not appear to have come to much harm.

Of course, if the Foreign Office persist in their demand for the repayment of sums due to them by China amounting to virtually twice the loan just offered, the situation will be a very difficult one, as China would be compelled to borrow a further large amount in order to do so. In any event, however, we consider the risk of China defaulting on the present issue to be so remote as to be almost negligible. The country is rich, and, what is more important, honest, and her credit is likely to be maintained at the high level at which it deservedly stands to-day.

## FORESTAL LAND TIMBER AND RAILWAY COMPANY.

There has been a considerable demand of late for the shares of this Company, and rumours have been current of a scheme of amalgamation with the Santa Fé Land Company. Both Companies are largely interested in the Quebracho bark business, and an amalgamation of the two concerns would, we believe, give them almost complete control over the output of this article and enable prices to be maintained for their mutual advantage.

In the case of the Forestal Company, we think the recent advance is fully merited, without considering this possibility. The tanning trade in America seems to be recovering from the depression through which it passed last year, and the sales of the Company's extract in New York are increasing, while the German demand, in spite of the duty, continues good. We are also given to understand that the new factory at Campo Redondo is proving a great success, enabling the output to be increased, and the manufacturing costs to be reduced.

It is probable, therefore, that the accounts for the current year will show an improvement over those of 1911, and, on the basis of last year's dividend of 24 per cent., the Ordinary shares return about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and the Preference shares, on which 14 per cent. was paid last year, return fully 7 per cent. We think there is room for a further advance in the quotation for both classes of shares, and expect to see it take place before long.

## AN INSURANCE TROUBLE.

The shares of the London Guarantee and Accident Company, Ltd., have been gradually falling in price for some time past, and the cause was made clear last week in the circular issued by the secretaries announcing that the interim dividend on the Ordinary shares will not be paid. A year ago  $21\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. was distributed.

Several reasons are given for the necessity of "conserving the free resources of the Company," but obviously the real trouble lies in the unsatisfactory state of the American branch of the business. This is not the first Company that has been hard hit over American casualty business, and it should serve as an additional warning to other Companies as to the extreme care that must be taken in selecting risks.

The directors have undoubtedly taken the right course in admitting the state of affairs, and we think their statement, that the Company's position is essentially sound, may be taken as accurate. They have a large amount of sound business on the books, and we think this will enable them eventually to make good the present losses and to resume their interrupted progress.

## MEXICAN EAGLE.

All sorts of rumours are current as to what is happening with regard to this Company, and it seems clear that something is going on. One story is that an arrangement has been made with the Standard Oil people to take the Mexican Company's oil, and the profit on the deal represents, it is said, 15 per cent. Another equally circumstantial story is that arrangements have been made with the Shell Transport and Trading Company, by which the Mexican Company is to deliver a large quantity of oil annually against the Shell Company's contract with the British Admiralty.

We have received these conflicting statements from two quarters which we have generally found reliable, and we therefore can only give them both for what they are worth. While admitting that the shares are distinctly speculative, we are inclined to think that the forthcoming accounts will make a favourable showing, and that the shares will touch a higher price within the next twelve months.

\* \* \* \* \*

As we pointed out a week or two back, the position in Mexico does not appear to be as satisfactory as those in authority out there would have us believe. There may not be—and probably is not—any organised trouble from the rebel party for the moment, but the country is still far from settled, and some of the outlying districts are in a very lawless condition. President Madero admitted the other day that the financial position of the country is not very strong and that a new loan will be necessary before long.

If only Mexico could settle down quietly under any Government, the loan would be certain to meet with a favourable reception in this country, as Mexico's trade is highly prosperous; but, under existing circumstances, we can see far more attractive investments than the new loan is likely to be.

## TWO ARGENTINE RAILS.

A good deal of interest has been bestowed of late upon the Cordoba and Rosario Railway, and the Ordinary stock has advanced about nine points since the beginning of the month. This is, of course, largely due to the prospect of an increase in the forthcoming dividend, and to the good showing made by traffics for the current period. Another factor which has contributed to the movement is the knowledge that details of the arrangement with the Argentine Railway Company are expected within the next week or so, and are believed to be very favourable to the Company.

Cordoba Central Income bonds have also been bought in considerable numbers recently, and the price has risen to 64. Last year the dividend was only 2 per cent., and the bonds appear fully valued on this basis, but we understand that the forthcoming announcement of the arrangements which the Company has made will be of a very satisfactory nature. Under the circumstances, we think holders would do well to retain their interest a little while longer. That they will shortly touch 70 is confidently expected in several quarters.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

The talk had run upon the selfishness of golf, and after vigorous defence, The Jobber had to admit reluctantly that, well, with some fellows, you know the sort, there might be a tendency, but other games were just as bad—and so on, limping through the usual lame catalogue as most of us have had to do at one time or another.

"Might just as well say the Stock Exchange was a selfish business," he grunted.

"Not at all. Everyone knows you work for love there," replied The City Editor.

"Considering the number of contangoes we have to put through for nothing," remarked The Broker; "I think sometimes that we do do an awful lot for literally no pay."

"Lucky you have swings, isn't it?"

"What swings?" The Broker blundered badly, and bought the bunny.

"The swings where you make what you lose on the roundabouts, of course."

"He shall die! He shall die!" exclaimed The Jobber. "Brokie, he's blighted your life, and——"

"Everybody's doing it," said The Broker, quite innocently. He was astonished at the burst of hilarity.

"Let us leave off frivolling and talk sense," proposed The Jobber.

"Right," agreed The City Editor. "But it seems too bad to exclude yourself from our conversation. Thanks," and he caught the flying matchbox with easy adroitness.

"I shall be very glad when the City streets are no longer up," The Banker observed, to lead the talk to safer channels.

"Wish my stocks would go up as surely as the streets," said The Broker sadly.

"What are you a bull of?"

"Chathams, Peru Pref., Cam and Motor, *inter alia*."

"What's the price of *inter alia*'s?" asked The Engineer, sternly suppressed, however, by The Jobber.

"Chathams are talked to 40 and Peru Pref. to 75 this year," The City Editor told him.

"Sell you mine now at 25 and 60; and take my chance of getting them back. No good? Thought you knew all about it. Well, can you tell me what the Mexican dividend's going to be?"

"Three-and-a-half to four per cent. on the Ordinary," interposed The Engineer. "I took the trouble to work it out the other night, and they could pay just 3 7-8 per cent. comfortably."

"Barring revolutions, bridges, landslides——"

"The revolution hasn't done the Company much harm, and I don't anticipate any expenditure on luxuries," said the statistician. "But, of course, one never knows what surprise the Mexican Railway directors may have in store for you."

"That's just it," nodded The Broker. "If the dividend's

[Continued on page 422.]



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### An Interval for Repairs.

When we resume town clothes and town ways, our guide, philosopher, and friend, the mirror, tells us that we should also resume town looks. Consequently appointments are speedily booked with Mrs. Hemming, who has now identified herself as the power behind the success of the celebrated Cyclax Company remedies, at the beautifully equipped salons, 58, South Molton Street. There the unbecoming signs of having braved the wind and weather are removed, the smooth and velvety appearance of a perfectly healthy skin is restored, and the good that women of fashion have undoubtedly gained in holiday-time is made really apparent by a renewal of their youthful and their best looks. Sun-burn and sea-red are not marks that women of refinement care to preserve. Sunshine and sea-water, bracing breezes, and stinging rain are all good for the body and so for the skin too. But the expert must remove the roughnesses and rednesses and general unbecomingness ere that good becomes really apparent in a rejuvenated appearance. The Cyclax preparations are based on hygienic science in its highest form. They are not to cover blemishes, but to cure them. They do not work magic in a minute, but miracles, given their proper time and care in use. There are no defects of the skin which they will not set right under the direction of the eminent skin-specialist who has made them, and whose advice can be had by appointment. Her name is known all over Europe, and is spoken with affection born of gratitude by many a much-admired great lady of fashion in the capitals of the West.



TO MARRY DR. ANDREW WYLIE ON THE 3RD: MRS. COLLINGWOOD THOMPSON.

Mrs. Collingwood Thompson is the widow of the late Mr. Edward Collingwood Thompson, and daughter of Mr. F. J. Collingwood, of Rhyll, Flintshire. Her marriage to Dr. Andrew Wylie, of 120, Harley Street, is to take place at the Brompton Oratory.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

attract the eye, but, once in wear, they lose their smoothness and turn yellow. In smaller furs, necklets, neat and smart, worn in conjunction with huge muffs, are the last word at the moment. Later, of course, the more cosy qualities of large stoles will make them the vogue. Amongst these are noticeable wraps of sable, chinchilla, fox, skunk, mole, and caracul. The models of long coats and of the smaller furs at Revillon Frères are very beautiful—more so, I think, than ever before, and that is saying much. As the Russian Government have prohibited the trapping of sables for a season or two, it is a valuable hint to ladies who propose buying these furs, or having them remodelled, to do so at once, or they will find that, dear as they are, they will cost yet more. Masculine readers will be interested to know that at Revillon Frères is a large stock of gentlemen's fur-lined coats ready for immediate use.

### Fine Furs Make Fine Ladies.

This is far more true than that fine feathers make fine birds. Women know that furs are the most becoming things in all the feminine wardrobe. A visit to furriers of such eminence in their line as Revillon Frères, at their salons in Regent Street, was an opportunity for gleaning some reliable information about furs for the coming season. It appears, then, that seal-musquash, pony, caracul, broad-tail, mole, and astrakhan will be in about equal favour. Coats will be long, to the dress-hem, or near it. While they are slightly easier round the hips than heretofore, they are as tight—perhaps a thought tighter—at the hem. Once again, despite its high price, seal-skin is in some demand. Ermine remains in high favour for day and for evening wear. Only the finest ermine is satisfactory: inferior furs may be made to



ATTAINING HIS MAJORITY ON THE 3RD: PRINCE MAURICE OF BATTENBERG.

Prince Maurice of Battenberg, the youngest of the three sons of Princess Henry of Battenberg, was born on Oct. 3, 1891. He was educated at Wellington and Sandhurst, and is a Lieutenant in the 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps. Last year he was made a K.C.V.O.

Photograph by Thomson.

### Country House Parties.

The time for these pleasant assemblages is now: the nimble partridge and the rocketing pheasant give the sportsmen the call of the country, and merry house-parties are the delightful social result. In the outfit for my sex, more than one country coat and skirt must be included, and this season it must be substantial, for the winds are chill. Tweed suits by Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, are what every woman wants for the country-house party season. This firm makes them in many styles, but always neat, smart, well-cut, well-fitting and durable.

### Many Magnificent Models in Fine Furs.

The purchase of furs is a serious affair. No woman goes about it frivolously; all want to do the best for themselves, and to make quite satisfactory investments. To accomplish this, two things are necessary—a large choice and a certainty of reliable quality. Harrods' Fur Department splendidly fulfils these requirements, and, further, adds moderate price, because their furs, by an arrangement with the Hudson Bay Fur Company, are supplied from the trapper to the customer, with no middleman's profits. They are dressed in Bermondsey, and worked and made up in Paris, and by Harrods themselves. The selection is practically unlimited, even of long coats in finest furs, and the variety is astonishing. A beautiful coat almost to the dress-hem is of skunk, dark, rich, glossy, in long bands, exquisitely worked, so that, even though several skins may be in one strip, not the smallest indication of a join is visible. It is a wonderfully graceful, becoming, and handsome garment. A ring-tail long coat is also beautiful. This is a special variety of opossum, quite unlike that usually seen. It has lovely silver shading, and almost black lines. This is so worked that the lines go down the figure and curve near the feet, giving a look of great elegance. A long leopard-skin coat, with black fox collar and lapels, is very handsome; it is lined with soft rich tawny-hued satin.



DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS GENERAL: THE HON. CHRISTIAN METHUEN.

The Hon. Ethel Christian Methuen, who was born in 1889, is the elder of Lord Methuen's two daughters. Her father, it will be recalled, commanded the 1st Infantry Division in the South African War. Her mother, who is Lord Methuen's second wife, was Miss Mary Ethel Sanford, daughter of the late Mr. William Ayshford Sanford, of Nynehead Court, Somerset.

Photographs by Lallie Charles.



THE BITER BIT: MISS RITA MARTIN, THE WELL-KNOWN PHOTOGRAPHER, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE NEW PICTURE STYLE.

Miss Rita Martin, of 74, Baker Street, is one of the best-known of the lady photographers. It will be noticed that she has been taken in the new style, described on another page of this issue in connection with two photographs of Mlle. Napierkowska, a style in which the sitter forms part of a picture. The above photograph was taken near Ilfracombe.

*Continued from page 420.]*

anything like 4 per cent. it will be an excellent performance, and Mexican Ordinary ought to go to 70 on it."

"We shall know the figures on Thursday week," said The Engineer. "I say, haven't the Argentine Railway stocks bucked up lately! Cordoba and Rosario Ordinary—"

"Wish Cordoba Central Incomes would sparkle up. I've got a few of those open."

"Keep them," The Broker confidently advised him. "There's a three or four point rise in them. The Market is as hard as the Yankee—"

"Now, that is a bull's market, if you like," cried The City Editor. "You can see some reason for being a bull of Yankees, with good crops, good trade, good—"

"Heavens!" The Jobber finished. "You appear to have overlooked dear money, labour troubles, Trust-busting, and such-like minor matters."

"That's precisely what they are when the Yankee market's good," declared The City Editor. "Minor matters and nothing worse. If you go sailing on the sea of speculation, you've naturally got to look out for squalls, but so far as can be seen at present, the Yankee market autumn boom has started. So take your seats!"

"What I so strongly deprecate in the modern journalist," said The Broker, with much unction, "is his lack of restraint, of reserve."

"Go it," said The City Editor calmly. "Pray don't mind me."

"He is either a blatant optimist or a rank pessimist. Take the Market in rubber shares, as an example. You will find, with a very few very honourable exceptions, that the financialist writes up shares in a really absurd way, or else he can't see the slightest hope for the Market. Isn't it so?"

"There's something in what you say, perhaps," acknowledged The City Editor, halting upon his words. "But, of course, you exaggerate, and then you have the cheek to accuse us of want of reserve!"

"Rubber's a dead market for six weeks; you mark my words."

"Be careful how you sell a bear," The Broker warned them.

"I always feel safer as a bear in the Rubber Market than as a bull; you are bound to come home on the bear-tack: on the bull it is much more uncertain."

"About November I think we'll see rubber itself improve; so all my correspondents say," The Broker told them. "And if rubber goes up, the shares will follow suit."

"They talk about a Kaffir boom in October," remarked The Jobber. "Wouldn't we all love to see one!" and he leant back with closed eyes, thinking no doubt of Ninety-Five, of matrimony suddenly made easy, of present school bills, and so forth.

"Yes; Ninety-Five had a lot to answer for—" The Broker seemed to read his thoughts. "Now I——"

But The Jobber was fast asleep.

Saturday, Sept. 28, 1912.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Correspondents must observe the following rules—*

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

*Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORRY.—In view of the prosperity of the Steel trade, we think the outlook for Hadfield's Steel Foundry is excellent. You will generally find them quoted in the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*. We also hold a good opinion of Burmah Oil, and are inclined to advise you to retain your interest.

J. S. W. (Finchley), R. S. B. (Darlington), J. W. M. (Stroud Green).—We have replied through the post.

YAHIA.—The outlook for British Coalite looks pretty hopeless, and the shares are only quoted at 1s. 6d. We have no information about the other Company you mention, and have failed to get any quotation on the Stock Exchange.

A. B. C.—Trinidad Oil and Fuel Company. No operations are proceeding at present owing to lack of funds. The directors are trying to raise money privately. The outlook, therefore, does not look very hopeful.

CEEPPE.—See this week's Note. The Debentures are redeemable at 110 at Company's option, but only after 1917 or in case of a reconstruction. The Argentine Tobacco Company's Ordinary shares are fully paid, and are quoted at 10s. 9d.

# THE STATE OF RIO DE JANEIRO

## 5 PER CENT. LOAN OF £3,000,000.

LOANS on foreign Government securities carrying a dividend of 5 per cent. are extremely popular with the investing public in these days, and there has been a great demand for the new £3,000,000 Loan bonds issued by the State of Rio de Janeiro at that rate of interest. They are already quoted at a premium, and it is understood that Messrs. Boulton Brothers and Co., of 39, Old Broad Street, E.C. (who are making the issue in conjunction with Lloyds Bank and Messrs. Samuel Montagu and Co.) could have underwritten the loan twice over.

It is a point to be noted that the bonds of this issue are free from Brazilian taxes whatsoever, in the present or the future, whether imposed by the State of Rio de Janeiro or by the Federal Government of the United States of Brazil. The bonds are issued to bearer, in sums of £20, £100, and £200 each, with coupons for interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly on Oct. 1 and April 1, in London in pounds sterling, and in Paris at the exchange of the day. Scrip certificates to bearer, with a full coupon for £2 10s., are issued as soon as possible in exchange for allotment letters, which are exchanged in due course for definitive bonds.

These bonds are to be redeemed by drawings at par, commencing on Oct. 1, 1915, by means of an accumulative sinking fund of  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum, which is calculated to redeem the Loan by April 1, 1965. Meanwhile, the State of Rio de Janeiro reserve the right to accelerate the sinking fund, or to redeem the whole Loan at par at any time on six months' notice.

The question of security is naturally an all-important one from the point of view of the investor. In this case that question can be answered in a manner which will doubtless afford every satisfaction. The Loan is a direct obligation of the State of Rio de Janeiro, and is secured on the whole of the revenues of the State, on a  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

additional and *ad valorem* sugar tax, and on the property tax of the city of Nictheroy, after repayment of the loan of that city, which will be redeemed out of the proceeds of this new loan. The ample character of this security, according to information officially supplied by the President of the State of Rio de Janeiro, is evident from a consideration of the following facts. The revenues of the State for 1911 amounted to the sum of £604,446, the property tax of the city of Nictheroy for the same year to £50,242, and the  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. *ad valorem* sugar tax to £15,534. This gives a total revenue for the year in question from these sources of £668,222, while the annual amount required for the service of the Loan is only £165,000. That the revenue figures for 1911 may be taken as below the probable average for the future may be inferred from the fact that, for the first six months of 1912, the same revenues show an increase of £57,506.

Another important point to take into consideration is the fact that this is to be the only external Loan of the State of Rio de Janeiro, which undertakes not to create or issue any further loan, either external or internal, until 50 per cent. of this Loan has been redeemed. The internal liabilities of the State at the present time stand at a moderate figure, in comparison with the assets. The Funded Internal Debt, as at June 30, 1912, amounted to £1,762,833.

The purposes for which the new Loan is required are threefold. The proceeds are to be devoted to the redemption of the floating debt of £280,315, the redemption of the City of Nictheroy Loan of about £400,000, and for the provision of water and sewerage works for the cities of Nictheroy and Campos.

Anyone who desires to do so may see at the offices of Messrs. Dawes and Sons, 2, Birchin Lane, E.C., copies of the laws passed by the State of Rio de Janeiro authorising the raising of the Loan.





For the lighting and heating of Entrance Halls and Reception Rooms gas is specially fitted. Gas floods a room with a soft light restful to the senses; it can be harmonised with decorative schemes, and incidentally assists to purify the atmosphere.

Gas-fires diffuse a bright, generous glow, keeping rooms uniformly warmed and free from draughts; they can be regulated to suit requirements, need no attention, and always ensure absolute cleanliness and economy.

*Write for Booklet No. L.F. 43, post free from the British Commercial Gas Association, 47, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.*



*Revillon Frères*  
FURRIERS.

And at Paris & New York

180 REGENT ST. LONDON, W.

Established 1723.



Re THE VISCOUNTESS WOLSELEY.  
THE HON. WILLIAM LOWTHER.

Re MISS FLORENCE ST JOHN.  
SIR HENRY OAKLEY.

Re LADY FLORENCE GRANT, Deceased.

## Important Private Sale of Antique and Modern FRENCH & ENGLISH FURNITURE AND DECORATIVE OBJECTS,

Formerly the Properties of the above well-known Personages, and many others. Removed from Gore Street, S.W., Lowther Lodge, Kensington Gore, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, and Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, and 5, Marble Arch, W.

The following is an Abbreviated List, showing a few of the very many items with prices. A full description, with beautiful Photographic Illustrations, will be found in **FULL DESCRIPTIVE SALE CATALOGUE (S)**, which is now ready,

And will be sent **FREE ON APPLICATION**.

Those contemplating purchasing Furniture should not fail to inspect this Magnificent Collection. Any article will be sold separately, can be selected at once, and remain Stored Free till required, or will be Packed Free and Delivered Town or Country, or Shipped for Abroad.

**PAYMENT MAY BE MADE WHEN DELIVERED.**

### ENTIRE CONTENTS OF FORTY-FIVE ELEGANT BEDROOMS,

including following Lots:

2 Fine Old English Gent's Wardrobes, fitted Drawers and Trays ..	£ 5 15 0
3 Fine Old Spanish Mahogany ditto, Sliding Trays, and Four Drawers under an Antique Chippendale Design Gent's Wardrobe ..	7 15 0
IMPORTANT:—Very finely Inlaid Old Dutch Marquetry Gent's Wardrobe, 6 ft. wide ..	12 15 0
4 Large Size Solid Oak Chests of Drawers ..	45 0 0
3 Inlaid Sheraton Design Bow-front Chests ..	2 5 0
4 Single Oak Bedsteads complete ..	4 10 0
4 Solid Dark Walnut Bedroom Suites ..	0 17 6
4 Double Walnut Bedsteads to match, complete ..	11 17 6
3 Pretty French Design White Enamelled Bedroom Suites ..	1 19 6
3 Single White Enamelled Bedsteads to match ..	6 15 0
3 Large White Enamelled Bedroom Suites ..	1 7 6
3 Double White Enamelled Bedsteads to match, complete ..	11 15 0
3 Double White Enamelled Bedsteads to match, complete ..	1 12 6
1 Very Elegant White Enamelled ditto, with 6 ft. 6 in. Wardrobe ..	18 18 0
3 Handsome Sheraton Design Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suites ..	7 15 0
3 Single Sheraton Design Bedsteads, complete to match ..	1 17 6
2 Large Choice Sheraton Design Mahogany Inlaid Suites ..	10 10 0
2 Choice Double Sheraton Bedsteads to match ..	2 15 0
2 Elegant Queen Anne Design Bedroom Suites ..	12 10 0
Costly Large Sheraton Design Bedroom Suite, with 6 ft. 1 in. Wardrobe ..	22 10 0
Pair Sheraton Design Twin Bedsteads to match ..	4 10 0
Very Choice Unique Real Silver Ash Bedroom Suite, with Silver-plated Fittings ..	19 19 0
Elegant Silver Ash Bedstead to match complete ..	6 10 0
Costly Chippendale Design Mahogany Bedroom Suite, very fine ..	32 0 0
Costly Sheraton Design Mahogany Inlaid Bedroom Suite, fitted Revolving Mirrors of very unique design (costly treble) ..	45 0 0
Costly Panelled Sheraton Design Bedstead to match ..	9 15 0
Uncommonly fine Satinwood Bedroom Suite, Inlaid Amboyne and Mother-of-Pearl ..	52 10 0

### DINING and RECEPTION ROOMS, LIBRARIES, STUDIES, SMOKING and BILLIARD ROOMS.

Fine set of Georgian Design Oak Chairs with Rush Seats, perfect preservation, 8 in all ..	£ 7 15 0
Heavy Black and Copper Club Fender, Upholstered Morocco Top ..	3 3 0
Jacobean Design Carved Oak Cupboard, 4 ft. wide ..	8 15 0
Jacobean Design Carved Oak Settee, 3 ft. 6 in. wide ..	3 3 0
Magnificent Carved Welsh Dresser, 5 ft. wide ..	9 9 0
Elegant Grandfather Clock, chiming on long tubes ..	18 18 0
Quantity of Framed and Glazed Old Coloured Sporting and other Prints. Fine Collection of old Dutch Marquetry Inlaid Furniture, in perfect preservation, including Cabinets, Writing Bureaux, Centre and Side Tables, Small and Arm Chairs, &c., &c. World suit Connoisseur ..	25 0 0
The Very Fine Upright Grand Piano-forte, by Adolph Schumann. A magnificent Instrument ..	25 0 0
The Costly Bronze and Marble Clock, and 2 Side Pieces, with Rich Ormolu Mounts ..	7 7 0
Valuable Set of Table Crystal Glass, about 100 Pieces ..	4 15 0
Oval Extending Queen Anne Design Dining Table, with Extra Leaf ..	4 10 0
Splendid Queen Anne Design Set of 2 Carving Chairs and 6 Small Chairs, all with Upholstered Panelled Seat and Shaped Legs, very fine finish ..	7 15 0
4 ft. wide Dinner Wagon ..	2 17 6
3 ft. 6 in. wide Bookcase and Bureau Writing Desk combined, very choice ..	12 10 0

Also Bed and Table Linen, Carpets, Draperies, Silver and Sheffield Plate, &c., &c.

**SEND FOR COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (S),**  
Now Ready. Free on Application.

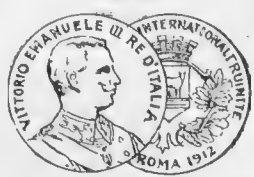
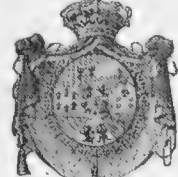
**THE FURNITURE AND FINE-ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD.,**

48 to 50, PARK STREET, UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, LONDON, N. (Phone: 3472 North.)

(Few minutes from Highbury Station, North London Railway, and Great Northern and City Tube.)  
Business hours: Open every day, including Thursdays, 9 till 9, excepting Saturdays, when we close at 1.

The whole of these goods are now on view, and any item can be seen and selected daily till sold.

Grand Prix, Diploma of Honour and By Royal Appointment Grand Prix and Gold Medals.



Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1912.

to H.M. the King of Spain.

International Exhibition, Rome, 1912

**IMPORTANT NOTICE**—Special attention is drawn to the fact that we have **NO BRANCH DEPOSITORIES** WHATSOEVER, neither is anyone entitled to represent themselves as being connected with us in any way.

## A London Editor



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

## Nervous Insomnia, Brain Fag—

Living always in the public eye, where every action and opinion is minutely examined, Mr. Chas. P. Sisley, the famous editor, says the responsibility of advising thousands of readers compelled him to make sure that his gratifying experience of Phosferine was supported by the highest medical opinion. During his control of the *London Magazine*, *Cycling*, etc., this busy and conscientious editor suffered acutely from fatigue, nervous sleeplessness, and brain-fag, which tear the vitality out of literary workers, and it was at this critical time he proved that Phosferine alone relieved his nervous exhaustion and enabled him to continue his creative labours. Feeling thoroughly rejuvenated, with nerve forces supplemented and insomnia banished, Mr. Sisley declares, that he owes his "present immunity from nervous troubles entirely to Phosferine."

## Will never return.

Mr. Charles P. Sisley, 12, Sumner Place, London, S.W., writes:—"Practically all my life has been spent in an editorial chair, and I have had my full share of the strain and worry incidental to modern journalism. Editorial work, naturally, has its compensations, but the nerve tension, and weariness are often abnormal, and sometimes beyond endurance. Before I began to take Phosferine I suffered terribly from nervous insomnia, and many a night have I spent in positive agony, with throbbing head, and nerves that refused to rest, being only able to snatch, perhaps, an hour or two of sleep just before morn. To be forced to continue one's work day after day under such conditions is a trying ordeal, exhausting to the entire system; but now, whenever the symptoms of brain-tiredness begin to assert themselves, I know that one or two doses of Phosferine will completely re-establish my nerve force, and I have said good-bye to sleepless nights. I owe my present immunity from nervous troubles entirely to Phosferine."—August 18, 1911.

# PHOSFERINE

## GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

### A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

and disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.



## The Royal Tonic



Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family  
H.M. the Empress of Russia  
H.M. the King of Spain  
H.M. the King of Greece  
H.M. the Queen of Roumania  
H.M. the Queen of Spain  
H.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia  
H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia  
H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Hesse  
The Imperial Family of China  
And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the world.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.



A FRACTION  
OF A MINUTE  
is all that is required to operate the

# DUNLOP

## DETACHABLE WIRE WHEEL

including detaching and attaching. Only a few turns of a specially designed operating spanner are required—no laborious exertion is entailed.

The locking device is automatic, and positive in action; the spanner cannot be taken off without locking the wheel; the lock is **visible**, so that the operator can see at a glance if the wheel is properly and securely fixed—thus the lurking dangers of interior, hidden mechanism are done away with.

The lock is designed with an ample margin of safety far more than sufficient to meet all emergencies.

The wheel is built on the quadruple-spoked system, ensuring enormous strength; there is no increase in the width of the wheel tracks.

There is no projection on the hub-cap to knock against gate-posts or garage walls.

There is no loose part whatever; the mechanism is dustproof and waterproof. These are features which mark the superiority of the Dunlop detachable wire wheel and make it the safest and best.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham,  
and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.  
Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moit  
Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.  
Make a point of trying the new Dunlop patent "V"  
golf ball.

The Question of the Day is: Where shall we  
go for the

## Autumn Holidays?

*You will answer*

# BLACKPOOL!

*If you are wise.*

BECAUSE THERE IS ALWAYS  
Something to Amuse, and  
Somewhere to go at all  
Times and in all Weathers.

Grand Illumination of the Princess Parade.

A Festival in Fairyland.

Star Programmes at all Pleasure Palaces.

The Latest London Productions at the Theatres.

High-class Vocal and Instrumental Concerts.

## MUSICAL FESTIVAL, October 8th to 12th.

AUTUMN SEASON PROGRAMME Post Free from The Blackpool  
Enquiry Bureau, 128, High Holborn, London, W.C.

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU HAVEN'T A  
MATCH



TAKE OUT  
A

# FLOR DE DINDIGUL

AND MAKE THE BOX A CIGAR LIGHTER

Light in colour, their mildness, fragrance, and aroma appeal to the most sensitive palate. Price 3d. each, 5 for 1/1, in boxes of 50, 10/3. FLOR DE DINDIGUL **EXTRA**, extra choice, 4d. each, 15/- per box of 50. Grandes, a long cigar in silver paper, 6d. each, 11/- per box of 25 (as supplied to the House of Lords). Of all dealers, or post free of BEWLEY & Co., Tobacconists to the Royal Family, 49, Strand, London. Est. 132 years.



"DIDDLE, DIDDLE DUMPLINGS  
HOT, HOT, ALL HOT!"

OLD LONDON CRY.



Born  
1820—  
Still  
Going  
Strong.

L. RAVENHILL

## The Modern Cry—"JOHNNIE WALKER"

THEN Dumplings hot would satisfy—NOW Johnnie Walker is the cry. All experts agree that there are periods when whisky is at its best; our experts contend there are three. Choose for yourself—Johnnie Walker "White Label," 6 years old. Johnnie Walker "Red Label," 10 years old. Johnnie Walker "Black Label," 12 years old.

Every bottle bears this label:—"Guaranteed same quality throughout the world."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK.



All the  
greatest of  
the world's  
musicians

make records for 'His Master's Voice'  
only.

They know that this Instrument alone  
is capable of doing them justice.

## EVAN WILLIAMS

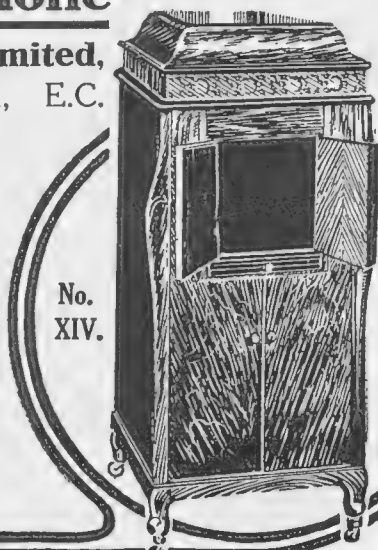
acclaimed in America as the first of  
English-speaking Tenors, is one of these.  
All the unique qualities of his most  
marvellous voice, and matchless singing,  
can be enjoyed in your own home,  
thanks to 'His Master's Voice,' which  
gives you always that essential—"the  
living tone"—just as it is known by  
the thousands who hear him in person  
at Concerts in all parts of the States.

## His Master's Voice INSTRUMENTS

Just as an old, old violin, mellowed with age,  
acquires a soul—so the carefully-seasoned wood  
and delicate mechanism of this one instrument  
for which the greatest of the World's musicians  
sing—the 'His Master's Voice' Gramophone—by  
craftsmanship, and by the high standard to which  
we work, acquires the true musical timbre. Our  
progress has been continuous from the first; our  
insight and understanding have grown till now  
the 'His Master's Voice' Gramophone reproduces  
the Human Voice so that the most critical  
are satisfied. You owe it to yourself to hear  
our latest models at our dealer's near you.

The  
**Gramophone**  
Company, Limited,  
21, City Road, E.C.

WRITE and we  
will send  
you an interesting  
series of Illustrated  
Brochures and the ad-  
dress of our Dealer  
near you where a  
Demonstration may  
be enjoyed  
**FREE.**



No.  
XIV.

Price  
£50

## The Alexander Clark & Co. Ltd

Reproductions of Old Sheffield Plate

LARGE PICTORIAL  
CATALOGUE POST FREE.

A Pair of these Dishes form  
a unique Wedding Gift.

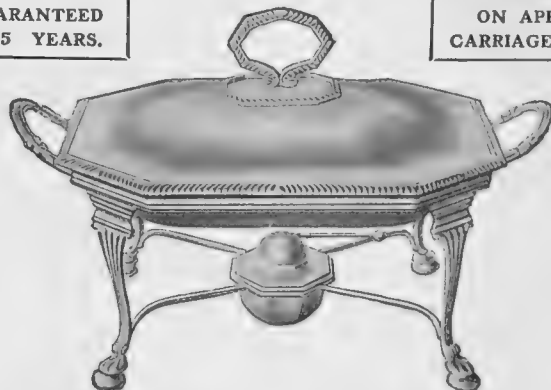


A very fine Georgian Model of Old Sheffield Plate Entrée Dish in  
Welbeck Plate, guaranteed to wear for 35 years. The cover is  
reversible and can be used as a separate dish.

£4 10 0 each.

WELBECK PLATE  
IS GUARANTEED  
FOR 35 YEARS.

SELECTIONS SENT  
ON APPROVAL  
CARRIAGE FREE.



A beautiful old silver model of a Breakfast Dish with spirit lamp,  
in Welbeck Plate. It is fitted with a loose dish and drainer and  
hot water compartment.

£6 15 0

188, OXFORD STREET,  
LONDON, W.

125-6, FENCHURCH ST.,  
LONDON, E.C.

Manufactories: LONDON, BIRMINGHAM, and SHEFFIELD.



## Fashions Change

in dress and manners, but in  
the Nursery there has been no  
change from the sensible plan of  
safeguarding the children from  
Infection by the daily use of

# WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

4d. per Tablet.



## EVERY SMOKER WHO VALUES HEALTH

should smoke and recommend CRAVEN MIXTURE, the purity of which is completely proved by the independent testimony of the greatest medical journal in the world, the "Lancet."

DOCTORS can smoke and recommend CRAVEN with confidence, because they can rely upon the impartial evidence of the "LANCET," which, in an analysis published in its issue of Aug. 24, 1912, conclusively shows that the smoke of

### Craven Mixture

yields **less nicotine** than any other tobacco—some well-known brands containing 16 times as much nicotine as CRAVEN.

The Manufacturers of CRAVEN have always claimed that by a special process they have succeeded in removing the crude residue of harshness from CRAVEN, and this claim is now fully substantiated by the result of the independent analysis of CRAVEN by the "LANCET."

CRAVEN MIXTURE is the tobacco immortalised by J. M. BARRIE as "Arcadia" in his famous novel, "My Lady Nicotine," and is on sale all over the world.

In cartridges or loose in tins, 2oz., 1/3.

CARRERAS, LTD., Arcadia Works, City Rd., London, E.C.  
West-End Depot: 7, Wardour St., Leicester Sq., London, W. Est. 1788.

## Before You Put Away Your Summer Dresses

Think whether they are not good enough and warm enough to serve you through the Winter. If they are and it is only a matter of suitable colour, we can dye them any shade you wish and return them to you fresh and new, while they are still in fashion.

You will thus save much of the money you would otherwise have had to spend on your winter wear.

*Prices Moderate. See  
List sent on receipt of  
your postcard.*

## Achille Serre Ltd.

(Nettoyage à sec)

Hackney Wick, London E. Phone 3710 East

## MAPPIN & WEBB

(1908), LTD.

### PRINCE'S PLATE.

**I**T is so difficult to judge of the quality of electro-plate from its appearance that the purchaser must rely upon the only proof available—its reputation.

It is in this respect that Prince's Plate is so exceptionally notable. Its reputation for quality and excellence is known all over the world. When "Prince's" Plate is spoken of, it is always identified as the "Plate that lasts a lifetime"; and purchasers are constantly testifying to its merits in highly eulogistic terms. Prince's Plate has successfully stood the test of fifty years, and is the only reliable substitute for sterling silver. It has all the lustre and depth of silver, will always retain the appearance of silver, and more—is only half the cost of silver. A catalogue of articles made in this superb substitute sent post free.



THE STANHOPE.

2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C. 158-162, OXFORD STREET, W.  
220, REGENT STREET, W.  
PARIS—1, RUE DE LA PAIX. BUENOS AIRES—FLORIDA, 36.  
RIO DE JANEIRO—100, OUVIDOR.  
NICE. BIARRITZ. LAUSANNE. ROME.  
JOHANNESBURG. SÃO PAULO.

# Perfection of Complexion.

# Perfection of Contour.



**CHISWICK.**  
"THE Skin Food, Powder, etc., arrived safely to-day, and I feel it is due to you to tell you how invaluable all your preparations have been to me, and I only regret not having known of them for a longer time.  
Being a professional singer I am constantly in hot atmospheres and find your preparations quite impervious to any change of atmospheric conditions, which is an invaluable quality to, I imagine, most people."

**INDIA.**  
"I AM glad to be able to tell you that my skin continues to improve. I am also glad to find the 'Cyclax' preparations keep so well in this country."

**LIVERPOOL.**  
"... is delighted with the Bloom of Nature and would be glad of another box."

**COTTINGHAM.**  
"LIKED the Skin Food very much. She would like another pot."

**INDIA.**  
"I REALLY am longing and longing for it to arrive. I have never used anything that has been so beneficial to my skin as your Skin Food. It preserves and beautifies one's skin most wonderfully. I only wish I could come home and be treated by you."

**WOKING.**  
"IS much pleased with both Powder and Face Ointment."

**PENMAENMAWR.**  
"YOU advised me to try the 'Cyclax' Preparations to build up my skin, with a view to eradicating wrinkles. I have used these preparations since then and have been very pleased indeed with the result. The lines under and at the corners of my eyes have practically disappeared, and those on the forehead are less visible."

**BALCOMBE.**  
"KINDLY send by return for certain a cake of your lovely Soap."

**CO. CORK.**  
"I AM following the directions most carefully and find a great improvement already."

**RADNORSHIRE.**  
"SHE likes the Skin Food so much that she will be obliged if they will send her another pot."

**BAGENALSTOWN.**  
"HAS used the 'Cyclax' Special Lotion, also Skin Food, for more than a year and finds them very good."

**POSEN.**  
"I AM very pleased with your preparations, they do wonderfully suit my skin. I used a great deal of French and German preparations of great renown, but none did equal yours."

**RINGMER.**  
"IS very pleased with all the preparations."

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.**  
"YOUR preparations have done my face more good than anything I have tried."

**BECKENHAM.**  
"I LIKE your Face Powder very much indeed."

**CHATHAM.**  
"IS very pleased with the Soap sent her."

are absolutely assured to patrons of the celebrated "Cyclax" Preparations, which have stood the tests of twenty years and ensured beauty to all the most celebrated beauties of the day, both on the Stage and in Society. The celebrated Lady Specialist is the private consultant on all matters relating to the Complexion and Contour to the most exalted Royal Ladies, both at home and abroad. At her private Salons situated above the department for the sale of the "Cyclax" Preparations, in addition to the inestimable facilities for advice, both personally and by letter, are a staff of most carefully trained and experienced assistants who work under the direct supervision of this lady. By carefully following the directions given, and a very short course of treatment specially prescribed to meet every case, individually, the most astounding results are obtained. Briefly, try the "Cyclax" Skin Food, 4s. and 7s. 6d.; the "Cyclax" Special Lotion, 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.; the "Cyclax" Blended Lotion, 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d., and the "Cyclax" Antiseptic and Nourishing Face Powder, 6s. 6d., and you will never need further persuasion to continue the treatment, as in One Week the skin is transformed and gradually assumes the brilliancy of the Complexion of Youth.

**ANTRIM.**  
"THE 'Cyclax' Skin Food is by far the best preparation of the kind."



The efficacy and excellence of the "Cyclax" Preparations can always be relied upon, and they keep perfectly in any climate.



**SITTINGBOURNE**  
"SHOULD like to try your Skin Food; very pleased with the Book."

## THE "CYCLAX" CHIN STRAP.

For Permanently removing double chin and restoring the contour of the face caused by drooping muscles. Removes flabbiness under the chin. Price 6/6

## "CYCLAX" BRACEINE

This is the Lotion which supplies the stimulating element in the "Cyclax" Treatment. As its name implies, it braces up the skin and muscles so effectively that, after the use of only one bottle, patients have been known to look years younger than before its use. It keeps the skin in perfect condition, stimulates the action, strengthens the tissues, and makes the face beautifully firm and of a youthful appearance. Price 4/- or 7/6

Thousands of testimonials (the writers' names are never divulged) have been received from Royalties of every country, Beauties of every nationality, Society Women, Artists, leading members of the Operatic and Dramatic World, and also from women of the most pronounced domestic sensibilities.



The muscles of the Face and the Throat are transformed by wearing the "Cyclax" Chin Strap.



## "CYCLAX" THROAT LOTION.

Is specially compounded to be used with this device, and never fails to restore the contour of the face. Price 7/6

## "CYCLAX" SKIN SOAP.

This rare and beautiful Soap is prepared most carefully. The formula contains ingredients which whiten and soften the skin in a most remarkable manner. Savon "Cyclax" is not a soap in the ordinary sense, as it is really a special Preparation. The lather it makes upon the skin is most beautiful, and it is really as emollient as washing in milk. Price 3/6 per tablet.

No matter how unsatisfactory the complexion may be, "Cyclax" Preparations will remove all troubles speedily and permanently; a good skin is assured; and, what is of greater importance, the most brilliant, translucent and shell-like transparency is obtained, and the muscles are braced up, strengthened, and kept in perfect condition for the whole of a woman's life.

The following are a few of the leading Preparations which the "Cyclax" Company are now supplying to Patrons at Home and residing in all parts of the World:—

### "CYCLAX" SKIN FOOD.

This unique preparation possesses marvellous soothing properties. The skin absorbs it as a plant absorbs water. It cleanses the pores, builds up the flesh so that lines and wrinkles disappear, and protects the skin from exposure.

Price 4/- and 7/6

### "CYCLAX" SPECIAL LOTION.

This is the best preparation yet discovered for such trying affections as Enlarged Pores, Sallowness, and Roughness of the Skin. It cleanses the skin from all imperfections and renders it clear and transparent in a week. It induces a pellucid whiteness and makes the skin soft and perfect.

Price 5/6 and 10/6

### "CYCLAX" TRANSFORMING LOTION

This is specially designed as a protective agent against all changes of temperature and the effects of exposure of all kinds. It is, therefore, an ideal preparation for motorists, as, if used according to the directions, the dust is prevented from settling in the pores, and the skin is rendered impervious to all outside deleterious influences.

Price 3/6 and 6/6

### "CYCLAX" FACE POWDER.

An entirely original and harmless powder which is practically invisible, but which imparts a most perfect surface to the skin. Its action is antiseptic, and it forms a splendid protection to the skin when used in combination with the "Cyclax" Lotions. This powder is so fine that a box of it will last three times as long as any ordinary face powder. Price 8/6

READERS of this Paper who are interested in the above remarks should send for the Company's valuable Book, entitled, "THE CULTIVATION AND PRESERVATION OF NATURAL BEAUTY." This will be sent, gratis and post free, to all who mention the name of this Paper.

**The "Cyclax" Co., 58, South Molton St., London, W.**

**WALLASEY, CHESHIRE**  
"I THINK I shall use both, as I have made a trial, and they appear to tighten the skin nicely after washing, so please send me Braceine and Complexion Milk."

**KINSON.**  
"YOUR preparations are not new to me, as I have used them for years, and think them wonderful."

**PENDLETON.**  
"SHE has used the Cream and Complexion Milk, and she thinks they have done her skin good."

**MANCHESTER.**  
"AND one box of white Face Powder. I do so like it."

**BEXHILL.**  
"SHE is much pleased with the 'Cyclax' preparations she has already had."

**ACOCKS GREEN.**  
"I AM very pleased with the results from the treatment you advised. My face is quite free from pimples and blackheads."

**LINCOLN.**  
"I FIND your Skin Food does more to relieve flushing of the face in cold weather than any other preparation I have tried."

**NEATH, S. WALES.**  
"THE ointment I had from you for the nose was very beneficial, and I have derived immense benefit from it."

**STOKE-ON-TRENT.**  
"WILL you please send to the above address bottle of Hair Lotion like I had before, which has done me a lot of good."

**EDINBURGH.**  
"I GOT a pot of your Skin Food some time ago, and like it very much."

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE**  
"AFTER ten days' use of your Skin Food, Soap and Oatmeal Preparation I find my face much improved. Your preparations, as I have said, are simply delightful."

**BUSHLEY,**  
near TEWKESBURY.  
"I LIKE your Skin Food so much, will you please send me another pot?"

**LEAMINGTON SPA.**  
"SHE may add that she is delighted with all the 'Cyclax' Preparations, and intends sending for several articles after receiving reply."

**STOKE-ON-TRENT.**  
"I HAVE been very pleased with the 'Cyclax' Preparations."

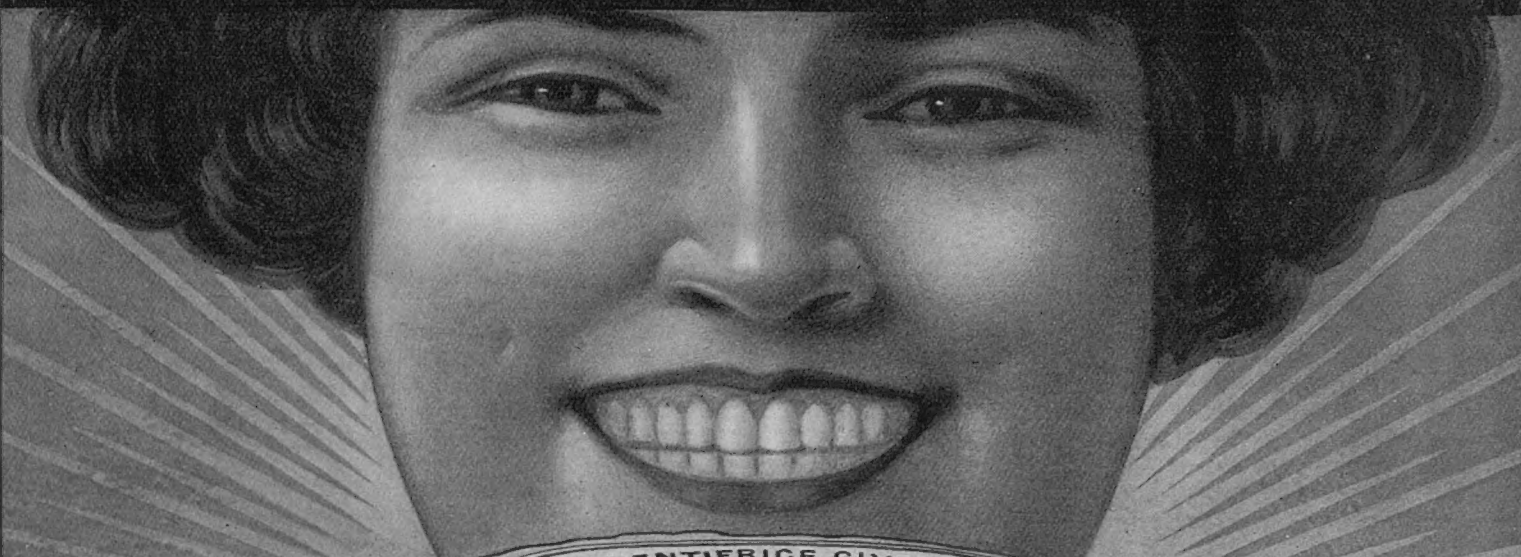
**HARROGATE.**  
"I HAVE found your preparations extremely beneficial."

**ABERDEEN.**  
"I AM very pleased with the Hand Bleach. It has done wonders, and I will certainly recommend it to my friends."

**NORWICH.**  
"I AM glad to say that I am pleased with the results obtained through the use of your preparations; my skin has certainly very much improved, and I have again a natural colour in my cheeks. I have great confidence in your preparations."



# WHITE TEETH



ONCE TRIED  
ALWAYS USED

ONCE TRIED  
ALWAYS USED

## WORLD RENOWNED GLYCERINE TOOTH PASTE

## GELLÉ FRÈRES PERFUMERS — PARIS

SOLD BY ALL THE STORES CHEMISTS  
IN 1/2 & 3/4 POTS





## A Perfect Complexion

is a woman's birthright and there is no reason why EVERY woman should not possess this priceless possession if reasonable care is only taken. The first essential of a beautiful complexion is found in the constant use of a reliable toilet cream.

## BEETHAM'S La-rola

is world-renowned for its many beautifying properties, and is strongly recommended to those seeking a perfect emollient. It is invaluable for removing face redness, irritation, sunburn, etc. It will whiten the skin and make it beautifully smooth and soft. It is safe to say if BEETHAM'S LA-ROLA be regularly applied to the face and hands a perfect complexion will be attained.

From all chemists and stores in 1/- and 2/6 bottles.



**SPECIAL OFFER.**—Send us 3d. and we will forward you (in the United Kingdom) a box of samples of La-rola Tooth Paste, Rose Bloom, Soap, &c.

M. Beetham & Son (Dept. S.), Cheltenham

## A Late Meal

after the dance, the theatre or whist drive, should be something that soothes and induces sleep. Alcoholic stimulants disturb the natural rest and fail to nourish. The ideal supper should be easily digested and provide

nourishment. Full benefit is assured by taking the "Allenburys" Diet which is a partially predigested combination of rich milk and whole wheat—the vital food elements. Made in a minute—add boiling water only.

Large Sample will be sent for 3d. stamps.

Of Chemists  
1/6 & 3/-  
per tin.



Allen & Hanburys Ltd. Lombard St. London

## I ENLARGED MY BUST 6 INCHES IN 30 DAYS

By means of an accidental discovery. My chest was flat, my face, neck, and shoulders thin and sunken. I had faithfully tried every conceivable method and spent large sums of money in efforts to develop my bust and fill up the hollows, but all without result. At last, when I had given up all hope of success, I stumbled on to the secret by means of which I enlarged my bust 6 inches in 30 days, and by which I firmly believe



### I CAN DO THE SAME FOR YOU.

I use no glass or wooden cups with vacuum appliances, neither dangerous drugs nor massage, but a simple, harmless method which not only develops the bust and fills out hollow necks and shoulders and sunken cheeks, but which also improves the health and makes you feel better and stronger from the beginning. As I am desirous that every woman should know how to secure this marvellous development, I have written a valuable and interesting booklet on my secret, and

### I WILL SEND IT FREE

to anyone who is interested in enlarging her bust or filling out thin cheeks, neck, and shoulders. All I ask is that you agree to read it carefully and that you send two penny stamps for reply.

Address—MARGARETTE MERLAIN (Dept. 805 M.), Pembroke House, Oxford St., London, W.

## BONUS YEAR 1912.

**NATIONAL PROVIDENT**  
INSTITUTION  
FOR MUTUAL **LIFE** ASSURANCE

Particulars will be forwarded post free on application to

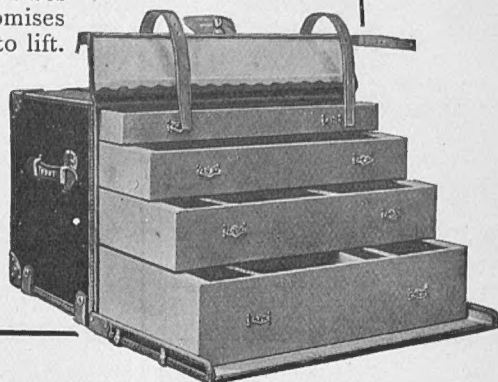
48 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

## TRAVELLING COMFORT.

FOOT'S PATENT "EUREKA" TRUNK.

The bottom is as accessible as the top. Any article can be instantly removed without disturbing the remainder of contents. Ensures perfect order and economises space. No heavy trays to lift. Made in six sizes, with 2, 3, or 4 drawers, which can be divided to suit customers' requirements.

Write for Booklet,  
"Trunks for Travellers," No. 13,  
Sole Makers—  
**J. FOOT & SON, LTD.**  
(Dept. T 13),  
171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.





The Last Word in Toilet Soaps

# REGINA MAY



The

# QUEEN of SOAPS



Fragrant with the Perfume of May  
Blossom - the very breath of Spring.

3½<sup>d</sup> per Tablet Box of 3 Tablets 10½<sup>d</sup>

**PRICE'S** Patent Candle Company **LIMITED**

London, Liverpool, Cape Town,  
Johannesburg, Shanghai.



## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

## The Road Maintenance Question.

The total number of tons per mile carried by all the roads of this country is increasing day by day, and this naturally comes very hard upon the poorer County Councils through whose territories run long lengths of our great highways. Small wonder, then, that there is an outcry from the representatives of the already overburdened ratepayers, who see their road-upkeep cost rising year by year without any additionally accruing commensurate revenue. No one can deny the fairness of the contention that those who use the roads should pay for the roads; not one section of traffic, but all sections. Had we a Government which would tackle this question in a common-sense manner, realising that wheeled traffic is fast returning to the highways, a suitable and equitable road-tax would be imposed on all vehicles, and sums of money awarded to the road authorities throughout the country in proportion to the mileage of roads they had to maintain, and the amount of traffic they carried. At the present moment rich counties spend money on road-improvements, and get big grants; poor counties which cannot afford to do this get little or nothing, but have to struggle to maintain their roads under the new circumstances notwithstanding.

## A Crying Need.

While the R.A.C. and the A.A. are each wasting their funds by much overlapping in their Road Scout and Guide schemes, both bodies are neglecting, and have long neglected, a work which would be of the greatest benefit to the touring members of both associations. I refer to sign-posting through routes in towns where it is difficult, if not impossible, to drive through in pursuing an itinerary without much stopping and questioning, and even then going wrong. There are innumerable towns in this country—I could cite a score right off the reel—through which it is impossible for a stranger to drive without specific directions. I know many excellent town-plans appear in the "British Guide Michelin," and these are a great help, but it is given to few to reconcile plans on such necessarily small scales with the town itself when one is passing through it. No elaborate sign-posting is necessary, merely readable plaques in obvious places. In mazy towns on the North Road, for instance, the plaques would only

require to bear the words, "To the North," "To the South," and so on.

## Detail Improvements Required.

It is not probable that the forthcoming Olympia Show will divulge any startling departures in the way of design. At present one hears very little of novelties in any direction, and nothing of new engines. The substitutes for poppet-valves and the circumventions of the sleeve-valve seem to have ceased germination. It is improvements in detail, and small detail at that, that we must expect to distinguish the coming exhibition at West Kensington. But there are many good, well-received cars, both British and foreign, which would be the better for four-speed gear-boxes, placing the throttle-pedal outside on to the right of the brake-pedal, some substitution for the all-too-numerous screw-down lubricators, really visible crank-chamber oil-level indicators, really and easily get-at-able draw-off cocks to crank-chamber, gear-box, etc., and really convenient lubricating fillers to back axles. Then an easily adjustable steering-standard, infinitely adjustable with a certain range, would make many a car really comfortable for the driver, which at present it is not. There are other things many, but space forbids.

## 105 mm. Tyres on 90 mm. Rims.

One great secret of tyre-economy, if it may be termed a secret when it has been preached fervently by all who have a regard for the motorist's pocket, is to over-tyre. That is to say, if, by the manufacturer's catalogue, the standard size of the tyres of a certain listed car are set down as 810 mm. and 90 mm., then rest assured that for your peace of mind, and the weight of your purse, tyres 815 mm. by 105 mm., or even 820 mm. by 120 mm., should be fitted. But the purchasers of cars with, say, 810 by 90 tyres may hesitate to adopt the larger sizes under the impression that new rims will be necessary. Luckily, this is not so, with Michelin tyres, at least. I see by the "Michelin Friday No. 135," that, though some time ago the Michelin Company did not advise fitting 105 tyres in 90 mm. rims, they have now so modified the cover-heads that the 105 mm. covers will now fit 90 mm. rims to perfection. I grant that 15 mm. does not look much on the rule, but it means a lot more air in the tyre, and consequently a lower necessary pressure. But, says Michelin, with the 90 mm. rim and the 105 mm. tyre, the 90 mm. tube is advisable.

ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY.

DREW and SONS,  
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

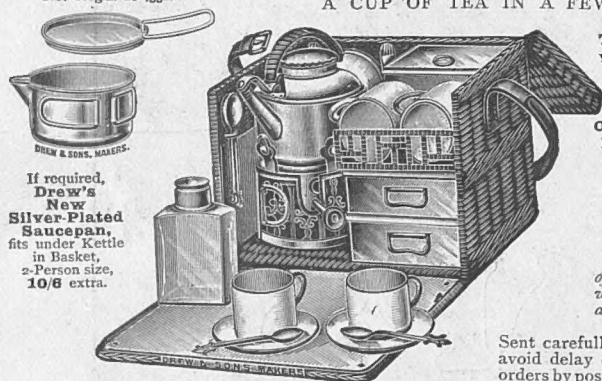
INVENTORS AND SOLE MAKERS

## THE NEW PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA BASKET.

Invaluable to all Travelling to the Continent.  
Specially Adapted for Use when Motoring.

No. Regd. 281,332.

A CUP OF TEA IN A FEW MINUTES.



If required,  
Drew's  
New  
Silver-Plated  
Saucepan,  
fits under Kettle  
in Basket,  
2-Person size,  
10/6 extra.



Two-person size (as sketch) with Silver-Plated Kettle.

£2 10s.

Or with all Fittings Silver-Plated and Plated Tray.

£3 3s. 6d.

Easily carried.

Size (closed), 12 in. long by 7 in. wide by 9 in. high.

NOTE.—All Tea Baskets of Drews' make are fitted with their patent adjustable safe spirit lamp.

Sent carefully packed to all parts. To avoid delay cheques should accompany orders by post. Catalogue on application.

In Stock for Two, Four, and Six Persons; also made with Fittings in Sterling Silver.

A Novel and Really Useful  
Wedding Present.

DREW &amp; SONS,

Makers to the  
Royal Family.

DRESSING BAGS  
AND CASES.

PATENT WOOD  
FIBRE TRUNKS.

A. CHELMIS & CO.,  
CAIRO.Established  
1870

"PEARLS of EGYPT"  
CIGARETTES

Of all leading  
stores, &c.

Wholesale: 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.

## You, Your Horse, and Your Vehicle

benefit when CONNOLLY TYRES replace some other make previously fitted on the wheels of your vehicle. CONNOLLY TYRES are the easiest running, longest lasting, best-looking Tyres it is possible to procure.

Send for Booklet 18 to—

J. W. & T. CONNOLLY, LTD.  
King's Cross, London, N.

Leeds, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bristol,  
Cardiff, and Cape Town.



## The Rival Timekeepers

According to the amount one wishes to invest, we especially recommend, for Gentlemen, "Riverside Maximus," "Vanguard," "Crescent Street," or "Riverside," and for Ladies, "Diamond," "Riverside Maximus," "Riverside," or "Lady Waltham," each movement having the name engraved thereon.

**WALTHAM WATCH CO.,**  
(Wholesale only to the Trade).  
125, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

An interesting Booklet describing our Watches sent to the Public, Post Free, upon application. For our convenience, please mention this journal.

**Waltham  
Watches**